

The War Whoop

1908

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The war-whoop



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" 'Behold the results of our labor,' she said."--Defoe.



THE WAR WHOOP

OF NORWICH UNIVERSITY
NORTHFIELD, VERMONT
FOR THE YEAR 1908

WHOOPE THE FOURTH
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1909

NORTHFIELD NEWS PRESS
NORTHFIELD, VT.
1908



Introduction.

Greetings to all 'WAR-WHOOPERS.'

This is the time when it is up to the class of '09 to WHOOP-'er up and we ask all to join us. Three years we have apparently lain dormant but gradually working ourselves up to the point of publishers, great and good. Now it is done, and we have aimed to hit every one to see how many would stand the test of madness, and then, too, we wanted to say some pretty things about you. "It is up to you" to decide as to our fulfillment of this end.

We have anticipated that we would have to publish a book and in fact the natural course of events would have forced it upon us anyway and so we might as well take up the duty cheerfully. Some of you may not like the cover, others may not like the pictures and still others may not like the text proper but doubtless it never has occurred to you that your likes or dislikes were the least of our worries. However, the work is done and now stands ready for your criticism, adverse or otherwise. You must be ready with one or the other. Any man who cannot criticise is about as good as a dead man.

WHOOP-'er-up for us then and let us be the whole "push" for a while and then we will be willing to "skiddoo" and, like the swan, give one last, long shriek and sink back into the old rut again. It is no more than our right to be allowed to exult now for we can truly say "we did it with our little hatchet." Did not Father George exult and enjoy a few moments' happiness? But his father caught him! Horrors, what a simile! !! So ends the tale! Read and enjoy the work and if we hear you becoming too boisterous we will endeavor to get Waterbury on the long distance 'phone.

Now, WHOOP-'er-up right strong, one, two, three!

To
Herbert R. Roberts, A. M.
and to
Carl Hose Woodbury, A. B.



Always cheerful, faithful, painstaking, loving
the right and striving for that end in all
things, and in grateful recognition of their
devotion to the University and its best inter-
ests, this volume is respectfully dedicated by
the Class of 1909.

"To whom can we dedicate with so much justice as to you ?"---Dryden.

Norwich.

(Tune: *America*)

Our Alma Mater, queen,
Fair may she always seem
To every son;
And may her halls abound
With proudest laurels crowned,
As every foe is found
And vict'ry won.

We raise our song to thee,
To make your praises be
Ever more loud;
And may the east and west,
The south and north be blest
With sons whose every quest
Shall make thee proud.

And as each year is o'er,
And time builds up the score
Of famous ones,
May thy name stand out bright
And shine by Wisdom's light
First in the nation's sight
For work well done.

The nation's banner waves,
O'er many hero graves
As freedom's told.
And strength is ever graced
By Wisdom's flag o'er faced
So by its side is placed
Maroon and gold.

'Oh, how this mother swells up toward my heart!'—*Shakespeare*

Norwich University Calendar.

Fall Term, 1907.

September 3, Tuesday—Term began at Retreat.
December 20, Friday—Term ended at 12 noon.

Winter Term, 1908.

January 7, Tuesday—Term began at Retreat.
February 22, Saturday—Washington's Birthday.
March 27, Friday—Term ended at 12 noon.

Spring Term, 1908.

April 7, Tuesday—Term began at Retreat.
May 1, Friday—Dewey Day.
May 30, Saturday—Memorial Day.
June 1-3—Examinations.
June 4-11—Practice March.
June 14, Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon.
June 16, Tuesday—Prize Speaking.
June 17, Wednesday—Annual Meeting of Trustees, Dewey Hall,
10 a. m.
June 17, Wednesday—Class Day Alumni Exercises, 8 p. m.
June 18, Thursday—Commencement. Year ends at Retreat.
June 19, Friday—Entrance Examinations.

Summer School, 1908.

August 4—1st and 2nd Classes meet at 10:00 a. m.
August 18—3rd Class meets at 10:00 a. m.

Fall Term, 1908.

September 1—Entrance Examinations at 10:00 a. m.
Term begins at Retreat.
Recess from Tuesday before till Monday after
Thanksgiving.
December 18—Term ends at 12 noon.

Winter Term, 1909.

January 5—Term begins at Retreat.

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THE HON. FRANK L. FISH	Vergennes	"

*Deceased.

Alumni Trustees.

	Term expires
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Appointed by the Governor, in pursuance of act of the Legislature, approved Nov. 29, 1898 for the Biennial Term ending Dec. 1, 1908.

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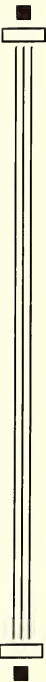
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CHAPLAIN,
REV. WALTER DOLE, D. D.


RESIDENT SURGEON,



Beginning.

To him who waits comes everything,
If's gold, or fame or satire's sting;
And so you have this latest "WHOO!"
Which, likened to some well stirred soup,
Has churned you all for humor's sake.
You've waited long and tried to make
Some good ideas of what 'twould be;
And now 'tis ready quite, and see
To it your anger does not rise;
Indulgent be, not otherwise !
Enough—as now begins the song,
Just turn the page, we'll course along.

*"Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come."---Shakespeare.*





The Faculty of Norwich University

Each in their several active spheres assigned.--Milton.



CHARLES H. SPOONER, A. M., LL. D., PRESIDENT, ΘΧ



Herbert R. Roberts, A. M. $\Delta T \Delta$

Major and Dean of the Faculty. Prof. of French and Latin. Boston University, '92.

"With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned." *Millon.*

**1st Lieut. Leslie A. I. Chapman, B. Di.;
M. Di.; Hon. A \approx Π**

1st Cavalry U. S. A., Prof. of Military Science and Tactics. Iowa State Normal School, B. Di., '92, M. Di., '93. University of Michigan, Infantry and Cavalry School, U. S. A. Staff College.

"Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles."
—*Bible.*



Ethan Allen Shaw, A. M.; C. E.; A \approx Π

Captain. Prof. of Pure Mathematics. N. U. '91.

"I see a chief who leads my chosen sons
All armed with points, antitheses and puns."—
Pope.





Charles Sargent Carleton, C. E., $\Theta \times$

Captain. Prof. of Field Engineering and Drawing. N. U. '96. On leave of absence for the year.

"A parting genius is with sighing sent."---*Milton*.

Arthur Ellsworth Winslow, C. E., $A \approx \Pi$

Captain. Prof. of Civil Engineering. N. U. '98. Associate Member American Society Civil Engineering.

"I present you with a man
Cunning in music and the mathematics
To instruct you fully in those sciences."---*Shakespeare*



**Carl Vose Woodbury, A. B.; $\Theta \Delta \times$,
 $\Phi \beta \kappa$**

Captain. Prof. of Chemistry and Physics and Instructor in Astronomy. Bowdoin, '99.

"This is an excellent abbreviation of the whole duty of a Christian."---*Bp. Taylor*

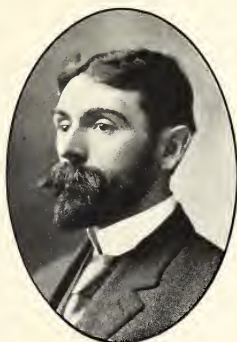




William A. Shaw, M. S.; A \approx Π

1st Lieutenant. Observer U. S. Weather Bureau, Prof. of Meteorology. N. U. '88.

"As the calling dignifies the man, so the man much more advances the calling."---*South*



Frank E. Austin, B. S. \approx X

1st Lieutenant. Prof. of Electrical Engineering. Dartmouth '95.

"Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal."---*Shakespeare*



Austin E. Spear, A. B.; K \approx

2nd Lieutenant. Associate Prof. of German and Spanish. Bowdoin '04.

"It is not good that man should be alone."---*Bible*.



Frank Nelson Tinker, B. S.; C. E.;

A \approx Π

2nd Lieutenant. Assistant Prof. of Civil Engineering. B. S.; N. U. '06, C. E.; Dartmouth '06.

"At thy birth dear boy
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great."
---*Shakespeare*.

Kemp R. B. Flint, B. S.; A \approx Π

2nd Lieutenant Instructor in English, History and Philosophy. N. U. '03

"Deep scienced in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy."---*Francis*.





"We offer you the first fruits of our wound."

---Middleton.

The Class of 1908

*Many princes made very ill figures upon the
throne who were the favorites of the people."*

---Addison.



Senior Class History.

President, 1st Lieut. F. S. Stow.

Vice President, 1st Lieut. J. E. O'Donnell.

Secretary, 1st Lieut. H. A. Nims.

Treasurer, 1st Lieut. R. V. Root.

Colors, Royal Purple and White.

One rainy day last September, in the eventful year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred four, there stepped from the palatial trains of the Central Vermont railroad, some sixty odd pieces of humanity, consigned by fate to the tender mercies of Norwich University. Consigned by fate, I said, but was it fate? For years the principal teachers all over the State of Vermont and various other states, had done their utmost to prepare those same pieces of humanity for the strenuous duties they had to perform, and fitting them to become worthy members of that most illustrious class, the class of 1908. From the plains of Oklahoma to the sand drives of Cape Cod, from the barren wastes of the North to the sunny shores of the South, forces were at work which should produce such matchless military men as Monk Fraser, and such encyclopedic students as Steve Stow.

Oh, those first few weeks way back in the Freshman year; can they ever be forgotten? Green we were, no doubt, and needed discipline, but oh how trying to be disciplined by that band of untamed wildmen, the Sophomores. The first week or two all was chaos; we had no organization and were forced to submit to the untold indignities perpetrated at the hands of the upper classmen. But down in a company in the old No. 2 Barracks there were some great organizers, who, after a consultation, decided to hold a class meeting, to which they would invite the Freshmen of Barracks No. 1. The class meeting was held and the machine won a unanimous victory, under the able management of Ransome, who became our first president, with Abe Pond as second choice.

We were now linked together in an unbroken bond, and determined to submit no more to the dull thud of drawing books and shoe leather upon certain parts of our anatomy. Accordingly, when upon returning from recitation one day, we found the Sophomores were up waiting for us in first passage. It was the signal for a free-for-all fight, in which the Sophomores were trailed in the dust (literally), and forced to an ignominious retreat, I might say, for this manifestation of the manly art of self defence, we were forced to walk guard tours night and day for three weeks.

During the winter term the upper classes each gave a hop, and, although it was something no previous Freshman class had dared to do, we decided to give a dance which should put to shame the efforts of our enemies, the Sophomores, and raise us to the supremest height in the eyes of the gentler sex. The affair was carried to completion under the able direction of some of our social leaders, and although the Sophomores did everything in their power to injure it, that dance is still spoken of in the social circles of the University as the most brilliant ever given on the hill.

The spring term was now drawing to a close and we had by this time been initiated into all the mysteries of a military training. So with the much advertised hike only a few weeks away, we settled down to buck, in the hope that we would be promoted at Commencement.

The final examinations proved a stumbling block to some of us, but most of us carried a rabbit's foot and managed to get by. All that was left now of our Freshman year was the hike and Commencement. The great success in which both were carried out was undoubtedly due to our participation.

We came back at the beginning of our Sophomore year, our ranks thinned, but our spirit undaunted. We had a great work before us, the training of the innocent lambs which had been sent in by providence, (and Cuge Ellis), and we went at our work with a determination which was bound to win. Many of us were corporals now and much responsibility rested upon our shoulders, but we didn't mind that any, nothing ever bothered the class of '08. One of the first things that needs must be done was to reduce the size of the freshmen's heads, and this was done for the most part by means of a certain C. P. initiation held in Barracks No. 2. We also had to instruct the Freshmen as to the whereabouts of the key to the parade and the wooden post holes.

After the Freshmen had been partially subdued they had the audacity to challenge us to a foot ball game, a challenge which we readily accepted. Our first thought was to trim the rooks by a big score, but we found upon investigation that the innocent lambs had readily been betting their good money on the game, so we took pity upon them and did not try to score, contenting ourselves in keeping others from scoring.

The rest of our Sophomore year, we were the mainsstays of the University; everything depended upon us, and, realizing this, we settled into the honors and became proficient in our military and academic work. Once more we went on our annual hike, and came back to find at Commencement that we had not worked in vain, but that many of us were sergeants, and that more responsibility than ever had been placed upon our shoulders.

Our Junior year opened with our ranks still more reduced, some having fallen by the wayside, while Hutchins, Smallman and others had, after vainly trying to show the faculty how to run the University, gone to seek adventures in pastures new.

The bickerings of the two under classmen amused us greatly during the first part of the year, and we looked serenely on from our dignified positions. It was in this year that we showed our real worth in the military department; Monk became a lieutenant and others of the class raked high as non-coms. This year we greatly missed Major Hovey, who had been recalled to his regiment, but we were very fortunate in securing as Commandant, Lieut. Chapman, a man with whom the men were soon on the most friendly terms.

One of the events of our Junior year was the Junior Prom, the programs for which were ordered by Pinky Muller and consisted of seventeen yards of purple ribbon and three squares of bristleboard.

The spring term came and passed swiftly and we looked forward to that goal for which we had been so long striving, the Senior year.

When, after vacation, we came back for our last year of college, we all realized that we had reached the acme of our career, and with furrowed brows we took up the work of administration, which falls to the lot of the Seniors. and commenced running the University as it had never been run before. We did everything in our power to keep the under classmen in the beaten track, and strove with all our might to bring glory and fame to our Alma Mater.

One of the saddest events in all our college course occurred in the fall term of this, our Senior year, when our most popular classmate, Leonard James Clarkson, was fatally wounded in a football game with Dartmouth college at Hanover.

When word of the accident was received at the University, not only our class but the entire corps, mourned. Never before had we felt the keen pang of sorrow which oppressed us now. But we went sadly back to our work, determined to do our best and each and every man feeling that he had benefited beyond measure by the influence left with us by our departed classmate.

And now, dear friends, our college course is nearly completed, soon, only too soon, we shall meet for the last time as a class, and each man will go forth into the world to take up the more strenuous trials of life. But we will ever look back with loving memories to the time when we were together as classmates at old N. U.

D. U. SMITH.



SENIOR
WHICH SHALL
IT BE?



Captain Karl Ferguson Baldwin, A & T

Marysville High School, Marysville, Ohio. Corporal 2, Sergeant 2, O. M. Sergeant 3, Captain Co. C, 4, Editor-in-Chief of the WAR-WHOOP '07, President of Class '08, 2, 3, associate editor of REVEILLE 4, President of Y. M. C. A. 4, Winner of 2nd prize in the Sheldon Prize Speaking 2. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Curses not loud but deep upon him."---*Shakespeare*.

1st Lieut. Charles Newell Barber, Θ X

Spaulding High School, Barre, Vt., Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 4, Varsity Football 1, 2, 3, Mgr. 4, Vice President of Class '08, 1, Mgr. Baseball 3, Winner of Austin Trophy 2nd prize 3, Athletic editor of REVEILLE 3, Course in Civil Engineering.

"And yet this tough, impracticable heart Is governed by a dainty fingered girl."---*Rowe*.



Cadet Roy Melville Blanchard, Θ X

Saccarrappa High School, Cumberland Mills, Maine. Varsity Football, 1, 2, 3, 4, Varsity Baseball 1, 2, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"What black magician conjures up this fiend?"---*Shakespeare*.





2nd Lieut Thomas Walcott Brown, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn., Sergeant 3, 2nd Lieut. Co. A, 4, Varsity Baseball 1, 2, 3, Winner of Juckett Medal 1, Asst. Editor of WAR-WHOOP '07, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"I am what I am and they that prove me shall find me to their cost."---*Beau. and Flecher.*

Sergeant Josiah Irving Chase, C. C.

Malden High School, Malden, Mass., Corporal 3, Sergeant 4, Class Marshall 2, 3, Varsity Football 1. Varsity Basketball 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"What drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic
I won his daughter with."---*Shakespeare.*



Captain Clarence Edward Day, ΘX

Murdock High School, Winchendon, Mass. Corporal 2, Sergeant 2, Sergeant Major 3, Captain Co. B, 4, Vice President Class '08, 2. Course in Science and Literature.

"Out, out, damned spot out I say."---*Shakespeare.*



2nd Lieut. Irving Bryant Edwards, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass. Corporal 4, Sergeant 4, 2nd Lieut. Co. C, 4. Course in Chemistry.

"My life hath rather been contemplative than active."---*Bacon*.

1st Lieut. Ralph Andrews Eaton, $A \Sigma \Pi$

Northfield High School, Northfield, Vt. Sergeant 3, 2nd Lieut. 4, 1st Lieut. Co. D, 4, Varsity Football 4, Editor-in-chief of the REVEILLE 3. Course in Arts.

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool."---*Eccles. 7. 6.*



Major Willis Percy Fraser, $A \Sigma \Pi$

Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass. Corporal 2, Sergeant 2, 2nd Lieut. Co. B. 3, Major 4, Asst. Business Mgr. of REVEILLE 3, Manager of REVEILLE 4, art editor of WAR-WHOOP '07, 3, Sophomore Military Medal 2, Winner of 1st prize in Sheldon Prize Speaking 1. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Who does not hate the devil?"---*Anon.*





1st Lieut. Francis Joseph McCarthy, C. C.

Northfield High School, Northfield, Vt.
 Corporal 3, Sergeant 3, 2nd Lieut. 4,
 1st Lieut. Co. D. 4, Varsity Football 3,
 Varsity Basketball 4. Course in Civil
 Engineering.

"Everybody is shy and distrustful of crafty men."
 ---Locke.

**Color Sergeant George Frederick Mitchell
 Jr., Θ X**

Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.
 Corporal 2, 3, Sergeant 3, Color Ser-
 geant 4. Assistant Manager of Basket-
 ball. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Will he steal out of his wholesome bed
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?"---Shake-
 speare.



**1st Lieut. and Adjutant Hollis LeRoy
 Muller, Σ Φ E**

Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt.
 Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 4,
 Associate editor of REVEILLE 4.
 Course in Chemistry.

"She's so conjunctive to my life and soul
 That as the star moves not in his sphere,
 I could not but by her."---Shakespeare.





**1st Lieut. and Quartermaster Harry
Asahael Nims, $\Sigma \Phi E$**

Keene High School, Keene, N. H. Corporal 2, Sergeant 2, Color Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. and Q. M. 4, Secretary of Class '08, 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"My thighs are thin, my body lank and lean."---
Gascoigne.



Captain Robert Gaston North, $A \Sigma \Pi$

Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass., Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. 4, Captain Co. D. 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?
He were a craven and a villian else."--*Shakespeare*



1st Lieut. John Edward O'Donnell, $A \Sigma \Pi$

St. Michaels High School, Northampton, Mass., Corporal 2, 1st Sergeant 3, 4, 1st Lieut. Co. A. 4, Winner of Shuttleworth Sword 3, Varsity Baseball 1, 2, Capt. 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."---
Young.



2nd Lieut. Sylvester Miner Parker, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Malden High School, Malden, Mass. Corporal 4, Sergeant 4, 2nd Lieut. B, 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Yes, while I live no rich or noble knave,
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave."--*Pope*

1st Lieut. Raymond Victor Root, C. C.

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn. Sergeant 4, 1st Lieut. Co. D. 4, Treasurer of Class '08, 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"A knight dormant, ambulant, combatant."--*Gayton*.



2nd Lieut. Arvid Henry Sjovall, C. C.

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn. Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, 2nd Lieut. Co. B, 4, Manager of Mandolin Club 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"What art thou that counterfeits the person of a king?"--*Shakespeare*.



1st Lieut. Dwight Frank Smith, A & Π

Stowe High School, Stowe, Vt. Corporal 2, 3, Sergeant 3, 1st Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. Co. B, 4. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up in countenance."---*Shakespeare.*

Cadet Donald Ulysses Smith,

Θ X

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn. Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Ord. Sergeant 4, Varsity Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Mgr. of Varsity Baseball 2, Vice Pres. Class of '08, 1, President of Class '08, 2, Athletic editor of War Whoop '07, 3, Grind editor of War Whoop '06, 2. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned."---
Shakespeare.



**1st Lieut. and Ordnance Officer Frederic
Stevens Stow, Θ X**

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn. Corporal 2, Ord. Sergeant 3, 1st Lieut. and Ord. Officer 4, Secretary and Treasurer of Class '08, 3, President of Class '08, 4, Winner of Austin Trophy 2nd prize 2, 3rd prize 3, General Average Medal 1, General Average Medal 2, Academic Medal 2, Thomas Medal 2, Asst. Business Mgr. of War Whoop '07, 3, Alumni editor of Reveille 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Illustrious by service, conspicuous by place."---
Brougham.





Captain Lyman Newton Wheelock, Θ X

Montpelier High School, Montpelier, Vt.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 2, 1st Sergeant 3,
Captain Co. A. 4, Winner of Military
Medal 1, Business Mgr. of War Whoop
'07, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"On seeing him hell's foundations quiver."--*Anon*

2nd Lieut. Ernest Charles White, Σ Φ Ε

Manchester High School, Manchester,
N.H. Corporal 2, Sergeant and Chief
Musician 3, 2nd Lieut. Co. C. 4.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."--
Shakespeare.



2nd Lieut. Miles Standish Wilder, Σ Φ Ε

Woodstock High School, Woodstock, Vt.
Sergeant 3, Q. M. Sergeant 4, 2nd
Lieut. Co. C, 4, Varsity Football 2, 3,
Varsity Basketball 2, 4, Mgr. 3, Course
in Civil Engineering.

"Thy body's bolstered out with bombast and with
bags."--*Gascoigne.*



IN MEMORIAM.

LEONARD JAMES CLARKSON, $\Sigma\Phi E$

PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Grind Editor of War Whoop '07,
Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2.

Sergeant Clarkson died from injuries received in a football game with Dartmouth College in Hanover, 10 A. M. September 30, 1907.

In Sergt. Clarkson we recognize a born leader of men, a man who believed "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," generous to a fault, and a man, whom everyone was proud to call a friend. Always devoted to his Alma Mater and working for her advancement.

The Year's Farewell to the Class.

What matters it if die I must
And sink into the century's dust?
My work is done, my purpose filled!
Yet though my name and deeds be stilled
Just turn the calends back! Elate
Again o'er days of nineteen eight.

As flees the hind before the hound,
So flee the years with muffled sound;
So have they fled, 'till now in turn
I leave and hope ere long to earn
In mem'ry's cup a place to hold,
More choice to each than pearls or gold.

Our lives in joy or woe were twined
And step on step four years you climbed,
From freshman ignorance 'till when
We met; and rode to wisdom then.
And now 'tis done! My life is o'er!
And you'll forget me more and more.

We lived together well 'tis said,
And if dishonor oft has led
Us into mires, trod ne'er before,
Remember now for ever more
To shun these shoals; from thence
comes gain
To build thy life in honor's train.

So be it then; I bid you joy,
And hope you've changed to man from boy,
And scorn those petty, simple crimes
That hurt no man and less the times:
Rebounding, character destroy
And mould, not man, but pliant toy.

Adieu! Your way's averse from mine
Belike the blooming eglantine;
But mine alike the drooping rose
Leads on to death and long repose.
Farewell, and may you oft relate
The joys and woes of nineteen eight.

*"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."--Tennyson*

*"My power's a crescent and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full."--Shakespeare.*

The Class of 1909.



*"The authors of the former opinion were presently seconded
by other wittier and better learned."--Hooker.*

History of the Class of '09.

President, 1st Class Sergeant W. L. Clark

Vice President, Ord. Sergt. G. E. Ames, Jr.

Secretary, Sergt. Maj. G. S. Rowe.

Treasurer, Sergeant H. W. Patterson

Colors, Pearl Gray and Crimson.

"Deeds not words" will tell the character quicker than any one can anticipate. This is equally true of men and of classes, and if such be the case how poor in character are some of us! And yet it is the constant doing of things that brings us before the public.

With this as an introduction you naturally expect the the subject to turn to the class of '09 and so it does. Who has done more than they? Not in great deeds perhaps, but in things that will and have brought that class out in relief.

The honor of being the largest class that has ever entered the halls of old N. U. has been wrested from us and for the University's sake we are glad to relinquish the honor. However, since our entrance the college has been constantly aware that we are here and now this year we branch forth as publishers and send down to posterity a book that has got to become a classic.

To show that we have done things we ask any one to show us a man who has risen as Pug has risen, a man who has had as many demerits as Bob, a man who can fight the powers that be as Hobie can, a man who knows the military science as Liz does or thinks he does, a man who can write or wants to write as Presper does and we will hand over the laurel branch.

Now these things don't count for much and so we let troop by our other set of men. Here is Walley who took good care of the academic honors and when he lagged we sent Willy or Slide-rule up the pole, and they haven't come down yet and are keeping the pole greased for more to slide up.

Show us men to match Grandma in dignity, Veatley for silence, Rube, Wag and Dingle-foot for toozing, Tin-lip as a musician, Piggy as a treasurer, Mary as a sweet girl, Jerry as a ladies favorite, and you will have your hands full for a time. And close onto these come Gump for Godliness, Josh for scaring the "Rooks," D. Hill for a horser, Tite as a lover, Beany and Tink for despisers and breakers of the laws, Bill Bayley as a wanderer, Grind for a plugger, Take-a-shance for a law lover, Ted and Sober-sides for easy going men.

Where is there a class that can embody the various types of men like these here set forth? But it is merely a matter of work or lack of work. Fires, floods, murders, mutinies and other deeds have been carried to successful terminations. which never before dared to be attempted by another class.

But why brag? Here have been spent three of the best years of our existence and we are now about to begin on the fourth and are in hopes to have that end in a blaze of glory. It is a known fact that some of the class have been silent and yet they have been a valuable part, for when it comes to furnishing coin for dancing or voting for their fellows for University honors they have been to the front.

Taken all in all the class has been loyal, true and loving toward the University and toward each other. Class spirit has lagged at times and yet when a dance or other "doings" was contemplated, the spirit came back redoubled.

We have stood all the hikes well and even though decreased in numbers till we are now only half as strong as when we entered we seem to do as much as if our number were the same.

It is the man who keeps his eye on the audience who gets there and takes the audience with him. So we have our eyes on you and are going to bring you down to yell, "You are all right, three cheers for '09."





Ord. Sergeant George Edgar Ames, Θ X

Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.
Corporal 2, 1st Sergeant Co. C, 3,
Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3; Vice Pres-
ident of Class '09, 1, 3; Athletic editor
of War Whoop '08, 3; Chairman of
Junior Prom. Comm. 3; Vice Pres.
N. U. Athletic Association, 3. Course
in Civil Engineering.

"Let your light so shine etc."—*Bible.*

Sergeant Roy Lyndyn Andrews, Θ X

Poughkeepsie High School, Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. Winner of 1st prize, Sheldon
Prize Speaking 1, Exchange editor of
Reveille 2, Editor-in-chief of Reveille
3, Editor-in-chief of War Whoop '08, 3,
Corporal 3, Reader for Glee Club 2, 3;;
Member Junior Prom. Comm. 3, Asst.
Mgr. Baseball 2. Course in Science
and Literature.

"It takes a fool to play the wise man's part."—
Shakespeare.



Sergeant Frank Millard Barney, Θ X

Springfield High School, Springfield, Vt.
Corporal 2,3, Sergeant 3, Varsity Foot-
ball 1, 2, 3, Varsity Baseball 1, 2, Capt.
3, Varsity Basketball 1, 2, Capt. 3.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"On fair ground I could beat forty of them
But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic."—*Shakespeare.*



Corporal Luther Parker Bayley, A & T

Peacham Academy Peacham, Vt. Corporal
3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"A youth to fortune and fame unknown."—Gray.

1st Sergeant Lewis Glenn Billings, A & T

Richford High School, Richford, Vt.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3. Course in Civil
Engineering.

"Whatever increase the natural or animal spirits is
a cordial."—Arbuthnot.



**1st Class Signal Sergeant Earle Albert
Boyce, A & T**

Waterbury High School, Waterbury, Vt.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Business Mgr.
of War Whoop '08, 3, Treasurer Y. M.
C. A. 3, Sec. of Athletic Association 3.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"Life is one grand sweet dream."—Cleveland.





Sergeant Harold Mortimer Brush, A ≈ Π

Stowe High School, Stowe, Vt. Chief Musician 3, Leader of N. U. Orchestra 2, Manager of N. U. Glee Club 2, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Books are like men, but living things bought and sold for a price."—*Ruskin.*

Sergeant George Ethelbert Carpenter,
A ≈ Π

Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt. Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"At love's perjury they say Jove laughs."—*Shakespeare.*



Musician Merritt Elmer Carpenter, A ≈ Π

Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt. Varsity Football 1, 3, Varsity Baseball 1, 2 and 3, Winner of 3rd prize, Sheldon Prize Speaking 2. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Out of the mouths of babes and, etc."—*Bible.*



Cadet Charles Patrick Cassidy, C. C.

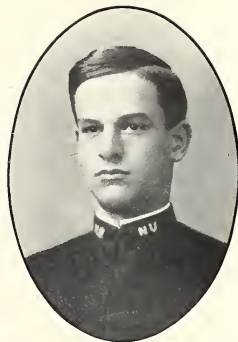
Troy Conference Academy, Troy, N. Y.
Varsity Football 1, 2, 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise."—
Shakespeare.

1st Sergeant Edwin Nathan Clark, A & T

Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Leader of Orchestra 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"I like not only to be loved but to be told that I am loved."—*Éliot.*



Sergeant George Walter Clark,

Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass. Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Asst. Bus. Mgr. of War Whoop '08, 3, Military Medal 1, Member of Junior Prom. Com. 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime."—*Longfellow.*





Coporal Frank Sheldon Clark, A & T

Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.,
Corporal 2, Asst. editor of Reveille 2,
Winner of 3rd prize, Sheldon Prize
Speaking 1, Sophomore Military
Medal 2, Treas. Class of '09, 2. Course
in Science and Literature.

"As for large discussions they are flat things,"—
Bacon.

1st Sergeant Howard Theodore Clark,

C. C.

Middletown High School, Middletown,
Conn. Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, 1st Serg-
eant Co. B. 3, Grind editor of War
Whoop '08 3, Secretary of Y. M. C. A.
3, Academic Medal 2, General Average
Medal 2. Course in Civil Engineering.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"—*Pope.*



***1st Class Signal Sergeant Walter Lucas
Clark, & Φ E***

St. Albans High School, St. Albans, Vt.
Corporal 2, 1st Sergeant Co. D 3,
President of Class '09, 1, 2, 3; Varsity
Baseball 1, 2, Mgr. 3, Art editor of
War Whoop '08, 3; Asst Mgr. Varsity
Football 2, Juckett Medal 2. Course in
Chemistry.

"How are the mighty fallen!"—*Bible.*





Q. M. Sergeant Melvin Hiram Damon, Θ X

Bellows Falls High School, Bellows Falls
Vt. Corporal 2, 1st Sergeant Co. A, 3,
Varsity Football 1, 2, Mgr. 3, Capt. 4,
Associate editor of Reveille 3. Course
in Civil Engineering.

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first."
—Bible.

Sergeant John Thomas Gilmour, Ξ Φ E

Barton Academy, Barton, Vt. Corporal 3.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this
little hand."—*Shakespeare*.



Sergeant Carl Frederick Wilhelm Graeser

C. C.

Royal High School, Kreuzburg, Germany.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3. Course in
Civil Engineering.

"For he was strong and of so mighty corse
As ever wielded spear in war-like hand."—*Spencer*



Corporal Grant Roebun Haight, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Vergennes High School, Vergennes, Vt.
Corporal 2, 3, Varsity Football 1.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"But this proud man affects imperial sway."—
Dryden.



Sergeant Earl Spencer Harbour, ΘX

Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Varsity Basketball 1, Asst. Mgr. 2, Mgr. 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"A man is a man for all that."—*Burns.*



Sergeant Earle Crawford Hayden, ΘX

Spaulding High School, Barre, Vt.
Corporal 2, Sergeant 3, Vice President,
of Class '09, 2. Course in Civil Engineering.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."—
Shakespeare.



Cadet Hobert Emerson Heyer, C. C.

Enosburg Falls High School, Enosburg Falls, Vt. Course in Chemistry.

"A rag, a bone and a hank of hair."---*Kipling.*

Sergeant Henry Edward Leonard, A & T

Newton Academy, Newton, Vt. Corporal 3, Sergeant 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"---*Old Song.*



Sergeant Harold Merton Lord.

Westbrook High School, Westbrook, Me. Corporal 3, Asst. editor of War Whoop '08, 3, Associate editor of Reveille 3, Academic Medal 1, General Average Medal 1. Course in Arts.

"Stand up, stand up, for—."---*Song.*





Sergeant Harry Wiltern Patterson, A & TT

Barton Academy, Barton, Vt. Corporal 2,
Sergeant 3, Class Treas. 3. Course in
Civil Engineering.

He thinks, "Ideas are the great warriors of the
world."—*Garfield.*

Sergeant Major Guy Ichabod Rowe, & Φ E

Peacham Academy, Peacham, Vt. Corporal
2, Sergeant 3, Sergt. Major 3, Vice
President Y. M. C. A. 3, Associate
editor of Reveille 3, Class Secretary 2,
3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"'Tis with our minds as with our watches—
None go just alike but each believes his own."—
Pope.



Cadet Robert Haas Seiple, C. C.

Vergennes High School, Vergennes, Vt.
Course in Civil Engineering.

"My bonnie lies over the ocean----dead drunk."...
Old Song.



Sergeant John Sabine Smith, A & T

Stowe High School, Stowe, Vt. Corporal 3, Sergeant 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"What order, beauty, motion, size, Consention of design how exquisite."---*Young*.



Sergeant Chester Clarence Thomas, C. C.

Pittsford High School, Pittsford, Vt.

Sergeant 3, Art editor War Whoop '08,

3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"'Wisdom is better than rubies,' (therefore grind.)"---*Prov. 8. 2.*



Sergeant Ernest Monroe Wheatley, C. C.

Northfield High School, Northfield, Vt.

Corporal 3. Course in Civil Engineering.

"A friar, an abandon of the world."---*Sir E. Sandys*

Ode to the Smoke Stack.

Thou tall and darkened smoke stack
That tower'st high in air,
A pardon we would beg of thee,
Who tried to make thee fair.
'Twas on a winter evening,
Beneath the pale moon shine
That we adorned thy bosom
With a white "Naughty Nine."
Then wast thou low and prostrate
Belike a conquered king;
But now around thy summit
The winds of heaven swing.
But though our sign is covered
Showing nor trace nor line
Forever thou art saered
In the hearts of "Naughty Nine."

"I would not bear another," you say?
Ah, joy is with us still,
To blot thee tried they then next day;
You stood and ever will.
What anguish and what woe
That deed did cause each one,
For naught could check the order's flow,
That we must walk, not run.
And yet we cling to thy dear self
In mem'ry tender, sweet,
And feel that with no gilded pelf
Could joy be so complete.
O, stand thou ever bold and great
To ages long to come,
To show that we do love, not hate
The laws of military—some.

Lost: A Professor.

(A bit of real life.)

Scene in Chapel: Exams begun when in rush the Seniors.

L. N. W.—Sir, where is Prof. Tinker?

A. E. W.—I am sure that I don't know.

T. W. B.—I guess no exam today, boys.

A. E. W.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

W. P. F.—But I wanted to take the exam.

F. S. S.—Well, it is sure that he isn't here.

A. E. W.—Perhaps he hasn't come up yet.

K. F. B.—I should advise staying in nights, it is more in keeping with Y. M. C.

A. work and—

D. F. S.—Who said "let's hunt him up?"

A. H. S.—Lay it to Stowe, he does everythng.

J. I. C.—Hold on, where are you fellows going?

Several—We're going down to his house.

S. M. P.—Ah cheese it, let him go, he won't be missed.

A. E. W.—Ha, ha, ha ha, ha, ha ha.

F. J. M.—Let's beat it to the barracks and keep mum.

W. P. F.—Ah, let's get him, I want to get the thing over with.

Several—Squealer, squealer.

A. E. W.—I think if one of you went to his house you would find—

H. A. N.—I beat it boys, who follows?

E. C. W.—ME.

D. U. S.—Me too, me too, me too.

R. M. B.—And me.

R. V. R.—And me. (A great hurrying of feet downstairs and scene changes to the "Comm's" office.)

W. P. F.—Well boys, I'll do whatever the rest do.

Several—Let's see if he is up.

(All hurry to the vicinity of the Clark mansion. Loud cries under the window,

"We want Tinker, We want Tinker.")

T. W. B.—Somebody better knock and find out if he is here.

M. S. W.—It's up to you, Tom, you proposed it.

R. G. N.—Where's Cattie? He'll do it.

J. I. C.—Ah, that push didn't come down.

F. S. S.—Let Mitch do it, he knows him well.

R. V. R.—He skipped too.

T. W. B.—Ah I'll do it (Knocks at the door, which is soon opened) Is Prof. Tinker here.

A feminine voice—He has not yet risen, you may go up and call him if you wish.

T. W. B.—Thank you. (Ascends the stairs, enters a room and shakes a sleeping form.) Oh, professor how about the exam in sewerage.

Prof. F. N. T.—(Stretching and gaping) Oh, ah, um-mu-. Well—er er I'll be up ah-ah ah um-um directly. In er re ten minutes.

T. W. B.—A'right. (Exit to the street.)

M. S. W.—Come on in the house fellows and wait to see him go up.

All—A'right. (Exeunt into the D. K. P. house.)

H. A. N.—Let's have a tune while we wait.

(Starts the song "We won't be home till morning" on the graphophone.)

L. N. W.—(After ten minutes had elapsed) Ah, there he goes fellows.

K. F. B.—Come on boys.

E. C. W.—Gee, we won't have much time for an exam now.

R. G. N.—What do you care.

J. I. C.—Oh, if he don't pass me—

F. J. Mc.—Come on, come on (Exeunt to the street and follow the dear professor, calling tenderly after him.)

L. N. W.—This looks like driving an ugly animal to pasture. (Picks up a stick.)

D. F. S. Gosh, I bet he flunks a lot of us for waking him up.

S. M. P.—Here's where we meet our Waterloo.

(Dewey hall is reached and there is some consternation among the professors at seeing one so forced along.)

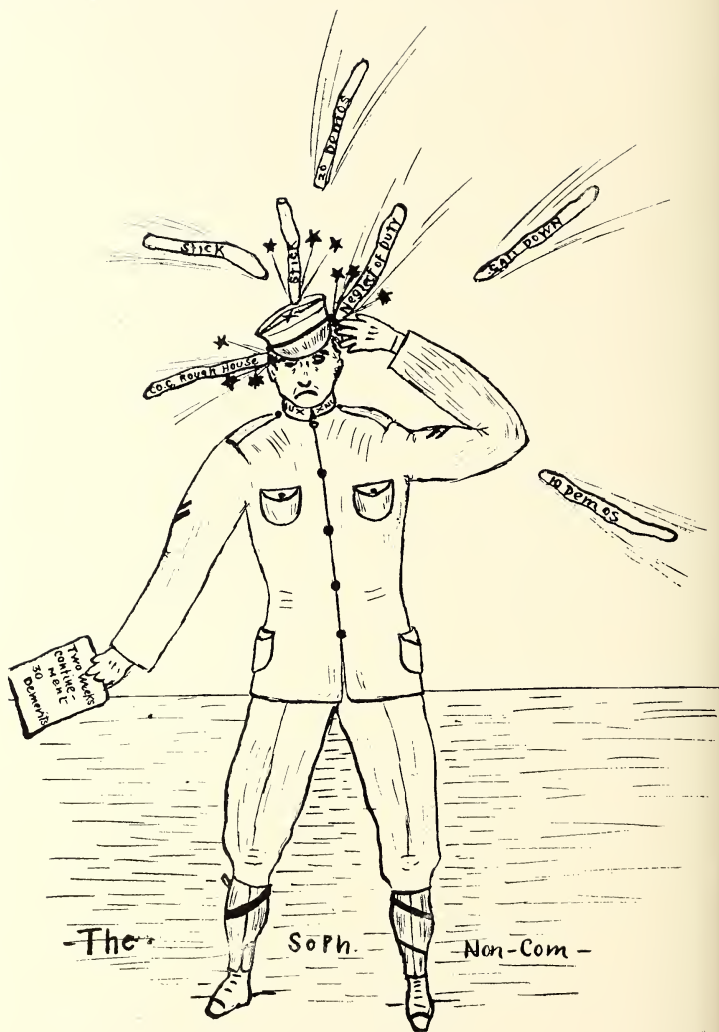
Scene changes to the interior of the hall and all are at the exam. and in their midst sits the professor breakfastless and disconsolate.





The Class of 1910





To The Color.

Tune: Heidelberg Song.

Oh Norwich, Alma Mater, dear,
We pledge thy name to-day
For all the strife of years gone by
Has passed fore'er away;
We only seek thy honor now
Whate'er our sign or name
For old N. U., so good, so true,
Treats all her sons the same.
For old N. U., so good, so true,
Treats all her sons the same.

CHORUS

Here's to the frat of white and red,
Here's to the white and blue,
Here's to the purple and silver grey,
To hearts that are ever true;
Theta and Sig and Delta Kap,
Commons and grads of old,
We'll join in a toast that we love to drink,
Here's to maroon and gold.

The blue of Alpha Sigma Pi
Is truth, eternal, sure;
Devotion's red, in Theta Chi,
Shall live forever more.
The white of purity unite
These two in one great whole;
Red, white and blue—brave, pure and true—
Shall ever be our goal.
Red, white and blue—brave, pure and true—
Shall ever be our goal.

CHORUS

Here's to the frat of white and red,
Here's to the white and blue,
Here's to the purple and silver grey,
To hearts that are ever true;
Theta and Sig and Delta Kap, etc

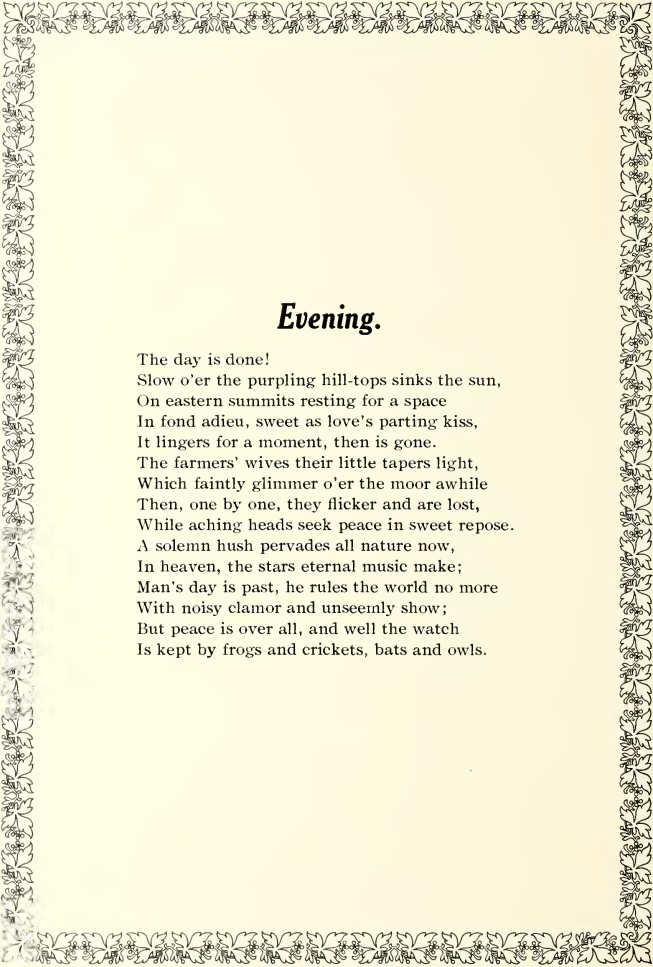


Sophomore Class.

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at its flood leads on to fortune."*—Shakespeare.

NAME	COURSE	HOME ADDRESS
Cadet Grosby Adams,	C. E.	Springfield, Mass.
Corporal Harold Augustus Ainley,	C. E.	Chester, Vt.
Cadet Julian Wilmot Alger,	C. E.	Stowe, Vt.
Cadet Louis West Balcom,	C. E.	Claremont, N. H.
Cadet Charles Nelson Blake,	C. E.	Northfield, Vt.
Corporal John Albert Brinkerhoff,	C. E.	Altoona, Pa.
Corporal Charles Fred Campbell,	C. E.	Lowell, Mass.
Corporal James Butters Carswell,	C. E.	Barre, Vt.
Corporal Woon Loy Chun,	C. E.	Shanghai, China
Corporal Ralph Lucas Clark,	C. E.	Champlain, N. Y.
Cadet Herbert Eugene Cole,	C. E.	Winthrop, Mass.
Corporal Everett Collins,	C. E.	Nashua, N. H.
Cadet George William Dillingham,	C. E.	Northfield, Vt.
Corporal Tyler Wesley Earle,	C. E.	Chester, Vt.
Cadet Paul Sumner Emerson,	S. and L.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Walter Bradshaw Frost,	C. E.	Cristobal, Panama
Cadet Everett Trowbridge Giles,	C. E.	Lowell, Mass.
Corporal Benjamin Harrison Grout,	C. E.	Waterbury, Vt.
Corporal William Frederick Johnson,	C. E.	Lynn, Mass.
Cadet Harold Albert Kendall,	C. E.	Gardner, Mass.
Corporal Lewis Underwood Kennedy,	C. E.	Glöversville, N. Y.
Cadet Charles Roderick King,	S. and L.	Bradford, Vt.
Cadet Hermon Harrison Kinsman,	C. E.	Rochester, Vt.
Cadet Vard Mayhew Libby,	C. E.	Lynn, Mass.
Corporal Freeman Light,	C. E.	So. Norwalk, Conn.
Cadet Walter Leroy Maynard,	C. E.	Greenfield, Mass.
Musician Thomas Joseph McGarry,	C. E.	New York, N. Y.
Cadet Charles Hawley Moore,	C. E.	Malden, Mass.
Corporal Allan Walton Reid,	C. E.	Barre, Vt.
Corporal John Thurman Rich,	C. E.	New York, N. Y.
Cadet Robert Kenneth Richmond,	S. C.	Windsor, Vt.
Cadet Frank Lewis Robinson,	Arts	Stowe, Vt.
Cadet William Schakowski,	C. E.	Clarmont Jct., M. H.
Corporal Kenneth Foster Stebbins,	C. E.	Northfield, Vt.
Corporal Carl Percival Strobell,	C. E.	Rutland, Vt.
Cadet Leon Terry,	C. E.	Springfield, Mass.
Corporal Ford Maurice Thomas,	Ch.	Bristol, Vt.
Cadet Joseph Howard Whitney,	Arts	Franklin, Vt.

"While I play the good husband at home my sons and servants spend all at the university."—Shakespeare.



Evening.

The day is done!
Slow o'er the purpling hill-tops sinks the sun,
On eastern summits resting for a space
In fond adieu, sweet as love's parting kiss,
It lingers for a moment, then is gone.
The farmers' wives their little tapers light,
Which faintly glimmer o'er the moor awhile
Then, one by one, they flicker and are lost,
While aching heads seek peace in sweet repose.
A solemn hush pervades all nature now,
In heaven, the stars eternal music make;
Man's day is past, he rules the world no more
With noisy clamor and unseemly show;
But peace is over all, and well the watch
Is kept by frogs and crickets, bats and owls.



The Class of 1911



Freshman Class History.

PRESIDENT, CADET P. E. LADIEU

V. PRESIDENT, CADET A. E. WHITE

SECRETARY, CADET P. J. LOWELL

TREASURER, CADET L. N. BURHOE

Colors, Mandarin Orange and Black.

The class of nineteen hundred and eleven burst in upon Norwich University in overwhelming numbers. We are not only the largest class that has ever entered the halls and portals of old N. U. but also the smartest as has been shown by our achievements. The Sophs gladly took charge of us on arriving and directed us to the university. Somehow part of our number were led astray, being taken on a neighboring hill and shown the university. We did receive some 'hossing' of course. Names were given us which we were required to state whenever asked. We became champions at rolling matches across the floor with our noses. This was the extent of it and we wonder why. It was rumored that 'Prexy' was against it but we are inclined to think otherwise: that we were too much for the Sophs.

In military we have won honors. It is admitted that it took us some time of course to learn to keep our hands out of our pockets and such like frills. At drill and the manual we have become apt. It is not an uncommon thing now to hear the sergeant at guard mounting order one of our number to fall out and report as orderly. Our inspection marks have been all that could be asked for. There are a few of us who have said walking was a pleasure. Whether this was because they had to make the best of it we can not say but we are inclined to believe it was far from it. However there are others who have had the same experience.

In the social circle, musical and literary lines nineteen eleven will long be remembered as a gifted and talented class. More than one-half of the orchestra has been chosen from our ranks and the glee club voices are mostly those of freshmen. Socially some of us have become shining lights and we are often tempted to use more privileges than are due. As debaters we have eclipsed the entire corps, having accepted a challenge to debate with the freshman class of Middlebury College. This is the first event of its kind to take place in the history of the university.

Athletics are not our forte as the class of nineteen ten claims all honors therein and we are willing to have it so. In after life athletics do not make up the entire man, therefore, as we are to be men we strive for greater things.

Of class spirit we are not in want. During the first term we held several enthusiastic class meetings at one of which our able class officers were elected and colors chosen.

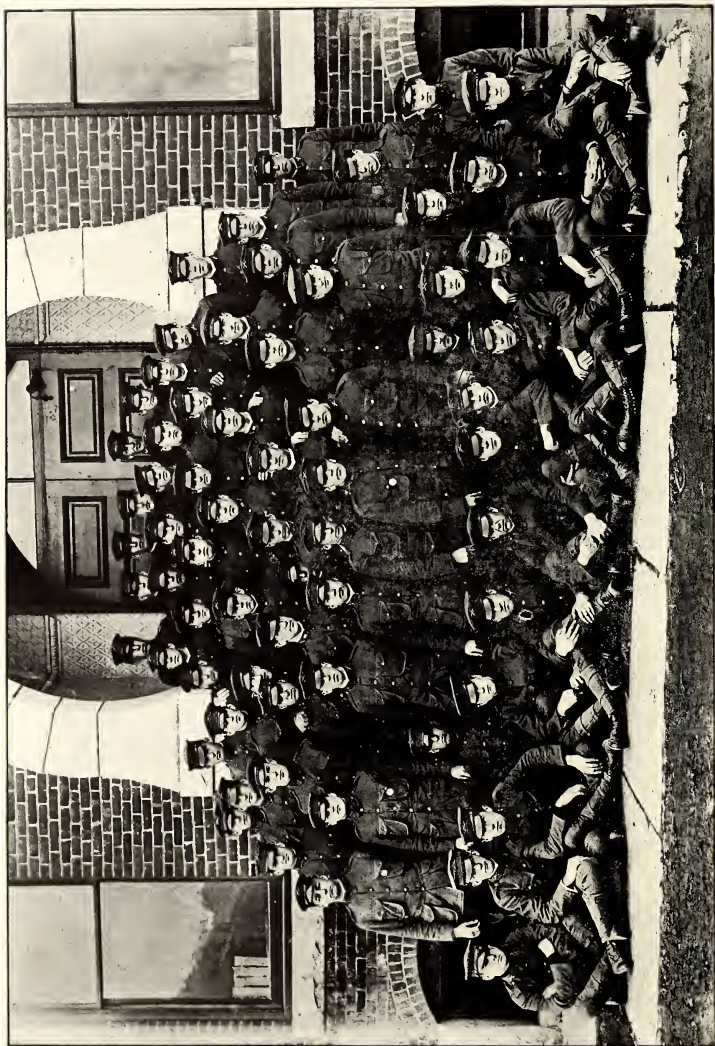
One morning it became noised abroad that some daring Freshman (?) had painted our class numerals on the front steps of Dewey Hall. It was predicted that the wrath of the "Com" would descend upon us and the whole class would be walking tours for the remainder of the term. For some reason or other we have not had the pleasure of walking nor have our deportment marks been diminished. We wonder why? It looks as though the bold Freshmen (?) who did it were beaten at their own game.

Although our class is a large one our history is short. There have been no class rushes or snow fights. If there had been we should have won by numbers alone. As each year goes by some of our number will not return. One has already left us, for which we are heartily sorry.

The first year is always a hard one for the freshmen in academic and as we look ahead four years there are stretches in the beaten track that look even harder, and will require effort and perseverance. But we have come here for an education and work, so with that view all can be easily accomplished. We will aim to show ourselves men and the class of nineteen eleven will go down in the annals of old N. U. as a class that began with the university motto, "I will try."

VINCENT H. DUNNING.





Freshman Class.

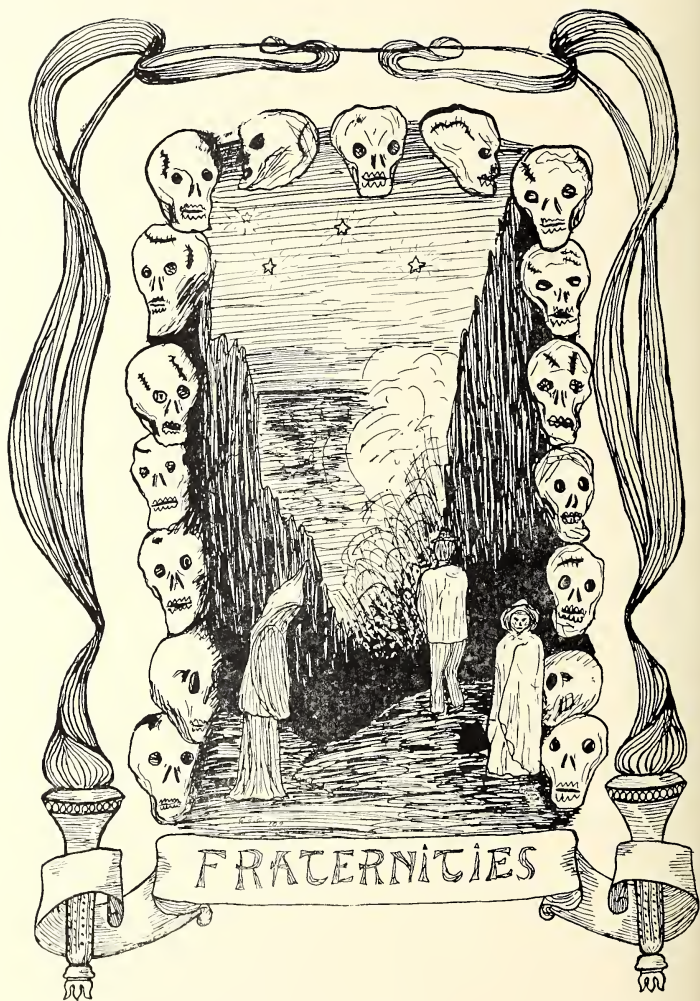
"In the common run of mankind for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary nature."—Addison.

NAME	COURSE	HOME ADDRESS
Cadet Merton Benjamin Badger,	C. E.	Danville, Vt.
Cadet Neal Webb Beattie,	C. E.	Guildhall, Vt.
Cadet Robert Donald Brodie,	C. E.	Hardwick, Vt.
Cadet William Lyman Brockway,	E. E.	W. Hartford, Vt.
Cadet Harrie Smith Bullard,	C. E.	Swanton, Vt.
Cadet Samuel Rollin Bullard,	C. E.	Swanton, Vt.
Cadet Lemuel Newton Burhoe,	E. E.	E. Bridgewater, Mass.
Cadet Carroll Lester Buzzell,	C. E.	Bloomfield, Vt.
Cadet John Henry Card,	C. E.	Portland, Me.
Cadet Everett Alford Clark,	C. E.	Glover, Vt.
Cadet Alfred Mandeville Cosman,	C. E.	Newburgh, N. Y.
Cadet John Edward Creed,	C. E.	Rutland, Vt.
Cadet Thomas Warren Crosby,	C. E.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Gordon Cushing Day,	C. E.	Trevett, Me.
Cadet Harvey Bushnell Davenport,	C. E.	Bennington, Vt.
Cadet Lindley Irving Dean,	C. E.	Pigeon Cove, Mass.
Cadet Edward Joseph Donahue,	C. E.	Proctor, Vt.
Cadet Philip Jonathan Drake,	C. E.	Waltham, Mass.
Cadet Vincent Howard Dunning,	S. and L.	Randolph, Me.
Cadet Edson Warren Durfee,	C. E.	Bristol, Vt.
Cadet Glenn Matthews Eastman,	C. E.	Rutland, Vt.
Cadet Fred Martin Earle,	C. E.	N. Bennington, Vt.
Cadet Thomas Hewitt Ellis,	C. E.	Worcester, Mass.
Cadet Dorr Edward Field,	C. E.	Northfield, Vt.
Cadet Henry Alphonse Filteau,	C. E.	Lowell, Mass.
Cadet George Goodwin Foster,	C. E.	Sandwich, Mass.
Cadet Samuel Gillette Geer,	Ch.	Middletown, Conn.
Cadet Alfred Alonzo Gibbs,	E. E.	White River Jct., Vt.
Cadet Julian Osgood Goodrich,	C. E.	S. Royalton, Vt.
Cadet Harold Norris Gordon,	C. E.	Newton Ctr., Mass.
Cadet Albert Earle Harris,	C. E.	Canaan, Vt.
Cadet James Edwin Helyar,	C. E.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Edwin Daniel Hovey,	C. E.	Canaan, Vt.
Cadet Harland Vance Howard,	C. E.	Woodstock, Vt.
Cadet Homer Asa Howe,	C. E.	Terre Haute, Ind.
Cadet Louis Ives Hubbard,	C. E.	Rochester, Vt.



NAME	COURSE	HOME ADDRESS
Cadet Merritt Stow Hughes,	C. E.	Bristol, Vt.
Cadet Dan Earl King,	C. E.	Milville, Mass.
Cadet Peter Eugene Ladieu,	C. E.	Newport, N. H.
Cadet James Charles Larkin,	E. E.	Pittsfield, Mass.
Cadet Asa Parkhurst Leete,	C. E.	Claremont, N. H.
Cadet George Waldo Lentell,	C. E.	Canton, Mass.
Cadet Philip Johnson Lowell,	C. E.	Portland, Me.
Cadet Roscoe Perrin Lynde,	C. E.	Williamstown, Vt.
Cadet Eugene William Magnus,	C. E.	Bethel, Conn.
Cadet Neil Gilman Martin,	C. E.	Colebrook, N. H.
Musician Ralph Washburn Newcomb,	C. E.	Morrisville, Vt.
Cadet Marden Russell Nichols,	C. E.	Bennington, Vt.
Musician Frederick Joseph Noel,	C. E.	Barre, Vt.
Cadet Sylvester Harrison Norton,	C. E.	Bennington, Vt.
Cadet Millard Warren Park,	C. E.	E. Hampton, Conn.
Cadet Arthur Alonzo Perkins,	C. E.	New York, N. Y.
Cadet Harry Lawrence Putnam,	C. E.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Neal Willard Richmond,	C. E.	Northfield, Vt.
Cadet Albert John Riley,	C. E.	Lyndonville, Vt.
Cadet Karl Danforth Sabin,	C. E.	Keene, N. H.
Cadet Philip Raymond Shailer,	C. E.	Middletown, Conn.
Cadet Charles Freeman Snow,	Arts	Newtonville, Mass.
Cadet Denton James Smith,	C. E.	Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Gustave David Stahl,	E. E.	Gorham, N. H.
Cadet Daniel Hubbard Birdsey Starr,	C. E.	E. Hampton, Conn.
Cadet Leslie Eugene Stevens,	C. E.	Rutland, Vt.
Cadet Guy Edmund Thayer,	C. E.	W. Brattleboro, Vt.
Cadet Francis Mallalieu Tilton,	C. E.	Winthrop, Mass.
Cadet Ying Hee Tong,	C. E.	Springfield, Mass.
Cadet George Louis Uman,	C. E.	Lowell, Mass.
Cadet Robert Edwin Walbridge,	C. E.	Peterboro, N. H.
Cadet Harold Lee Wheeler,	Ch.	Nashua, N. H.
Cadet Alfred Everett White,	C. E.	Methuen, Mass.
Cadet Leonard Andrew Wood,	C. E.	Chelmsford Ctr., Mass.
Cadet Bert James Young,	C. E.	Brattleboro, Vt.

*"No company has come
But a rabble of tenants and rusty, dull rums."—Swift.*



FRATERNITIES

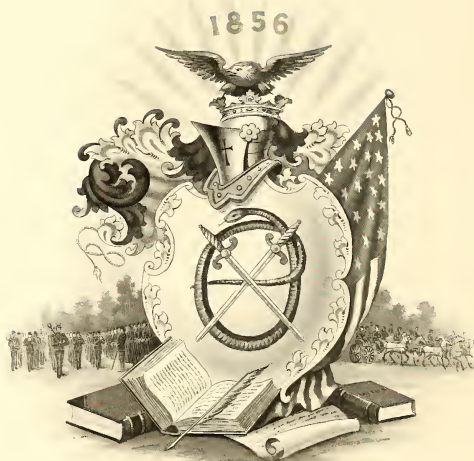
Greek Letter Fraternities of Norwich University

In the order in which they were established.



*"Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
To keep the oath that we administer."--Shakespeare.*





James Wilson

Theta Chi.

*"I embrace these conditions, let us have sacred articles
between us."--Shakespeare.*

Founded 1856.

Colors, red and white.

Chapter Roll.

ALPHA, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

BETA, MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECH.

GAMMA, UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

National Association.

President	E. W. Clark, N. U. '92
Recording Secretary	G. H. Chapin, Jr., ex-'04.
Cor. Sec.	P. B. Wheeler, M. I. T., '07
Treasurer	H. C. Pratt, N. U., '07.

Fratres in Urbe.

Charles Dole, '67	J. M. Holland, '84
W. Dole, '70	J. H. Judkins, '90
R. A. Silver, '74	B. F. Allen, '00
C. M. Davis, '81	E. A. Chase, '03
W. M. Morrill, ex-'05	R. M. Batchelder, '07

Fratres in Facultate.

C. H. Spooner, '78	C. S. Carleton, '96
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Fratres in Universitate.

1st Lieut. C. N. Barber	Ord. Sergt. D. U. Smith
Capt. C. E. Day	1st Lieut. F. S. Stow
Color Sergt. G. F. Mitchell Jr.	Capt. L. N. Wheelock
Cadet R. M. Blanchard	

1909.

1st Sergt. G. E. Ames	1st Sergt. M. H. Damon
Sergt. F. M. Barney	Sergt. E. S. Harbour
Sergt. E. C. Hayden	Corp. R. L. Andrews

1910.

Corp. H. A. Ainley	Corp. R. L. Clark
Corp. J. A. Brinkerhoff	Corp. A. W. Reid
Corp. C. F. Campbell	Corp. F. M. Thomas
Corp. J. B. Carswell	Cadet Crosby Adams
Cadet V. M. Libby	

1911.

Cadet W. L. Brockway	Cadet P. E. Ladieu
Cadet L. N. Burhoe	Cadet F. J. Noel
Cadet J. H. Card	Cadet H. L. Putnam
Cadet T. W. Crosby	Cadet N. W. Richmond
Cadet H. B. Davenport	Cadet K. D. Sabin
Cadet H. N. Gordon	Cadet F. A. Smith
Cadet A. E. White	

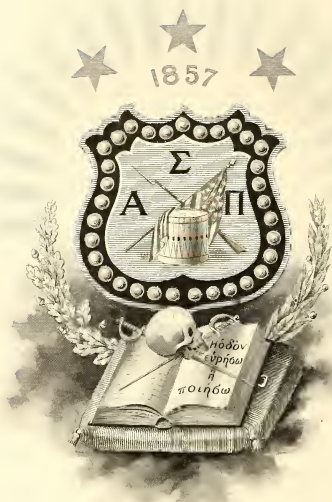
To Theta Chi.

Harken, harken, listen to the noises,
Grunblings sound, and shrieks reverberating,
Lightnings flashing, thunder mumbling, roaring,
Rend the world atwain amidst the darkness.
Gaps the earth then while the fiends unnumbered
File the path atwixt the damned and living.
Round about they swarm with direful cantings,
And the earth-top glows with souls infernal,
Dancing, whirling, now before a cauldron.
Something simmers as the fire is prodded;
One then hurls within a skin of camel,
Instant flares the flames anew and smoky,.
Then another casts the shell of turtle;
So in turn each aids the broth of horror,
Eyes of ibis, neck of golden pheasant,
Heart from wolf and dragon's gory liver;
But behold them sink to earth in trembling;
Shaft of light now streams abroad from eastward,
Cease the howls and mid the bent obeisance
And within the glare in purest shining
White, to earth, a maiden figure hovers.
Nearer, till within the circle's wierdness
Halts, and poised in air she murmurs;
"Brew ye what and why?", the chief quick answers;
"Man that shall with virtues be completed,
Cast we in the strength and power's wierdness,
Name him THETA, THETA, that's for greatness."
Shrieks then sounded o'er the groves and mountains
As the name they all intoned with loudness.
"Wait, desist", the vision softly utters;
"Greatness is not all that makes a human,
Friendship, love of rightness, gentleness too,
Peace, sweet peace, that flows so like a river,
Add I these, and build to your foundation.,
Surname give him CHI, for friendship's binding."
Now the substance bubbling, overflowing
Holds a childish form upon its surface.
Snakes encircle, writhe, amid the howlings
Daggers swift are drawn to guard the infant
THETA CHI, thus hailed to living glory.

Silence floats upon the strange assembly,
Sink the friends to earth in supplication
As the airy vision with these flowers,
Whitest blood-root, cardinal so blood like—
Bending o'er bestreaks the new-born fondling
With the fluid-life forced from the flowers,
While she whispers, "THETA CHI we love thee."
"Love thee, love thee," swell they all so loudly
Till the earth seems girt with happy voices.
Hushed again, the silence harrowing still;
Slink the fiends within the gaping crevass
And the earth cements the darkened pathway,
While aglow with radiance the vision
Drops the withered flowers in the cauldron.
Rising, vanishes as light bursts earthward
Into day most glorious and shining.
Ruddy flames of fire dull to blackness
And the cauldron cooling, snapping, cracking,
Bursts, it bursts, and from amid the debris
Steps a man of features fair and body
Mighty, robed in mantle bright in colors;
Red for blood, the blood that's shed for friendship,
White for purity and love of rightness,
Drawn his sword and straight he stands defiant,
Guardian of right, and sacred friendship.
So he'll stand aface the world for ages.







Dryka Phlla.

Alpha Sigma Pi.

"Sacred vows and mystic song applied."--Pope

Local: Founded 1857.

Colors, pale blue and white.

Fratres in Urbe.

F. L. Howe, ex-'80
H. C. Moseley, '95
C. A. Plumley, '96
I. C. Ellis, '01
H. W. Orser, ex-'02
J. T. Lance, '01
H. J. Dane, '90

M. D. Smith, '81
H. C. Cady, '91
W. G. Huntley, '95
W. A. Ellis, '97
R. A. Bullock, ex-'98
H. M. Howe, ex-'05

Fratres in Facultate.

E. A. Shaw, '91
A. E. Winslow, '98
F. N. Tinker, '06

W. A. Shaw, '89
K. R. B. Flint, '03
Lieut. L. A. I. Chapman, (Hon.)

Fratres in Universitate.

1908.

Major W. P. Fraser
Capt. K. F. Baldwin
1st Lieut. R. A. Eaton

Capt. R. G. North
1st Lieut. J. E. O'Donnell
1st Lieut. D. F. Smith

1909.

Sergt. L. G. Billings
1st Class Sergt. E. A. Boyce
Sergt. G. E. Carpenter
Sergt. H. W. Patterson
Mus. M. E. Carpenter

Sergt. E. N. Clark
Sergt. H. E. Leonard
Corp. L. P. Bayley
Cadet F. S. Clark
Sergt. H. M. Brush

1910.

Corp. Freeman Light
Corp. Everett Collins
Corp. B. H. Grout
Cadet H. E. Cole

Corp. J. T. Rich
Corp. K. F. Stebbins
Corp. C. P. Strobell

1911.

Cadet P. J. Drake
Cadet H. A. Howe
Cadet J. C. Larkin
Cadet G. E. Thayer

Cadet P. J. Lowell
Cadet R. W. Newcomb
Cadet M. R. Nichols
Cadet H. L. Wheeler





Sigma Phi Epsilon.

"This hour's the very crisis of your life."--Dryden.

Formerly the Delta Kappa Psi.

Colors: Purple and Crimson.

Chapter Roll.

Virginia Alpha, Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Virginia Beta, West Virginia University, Morgantown, Va.
Penn. Alpha, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Penn. Beta, Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.
Penn. Gamma, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ill. Alpha, University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Colo. Alpha, University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.
Virginia Gamma, William and Mary College, Williamsburg Va.
N. C. Alpha, North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, West Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio Alpha, Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.
Ind. Alpha, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
N. Y. Alpha, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Virginia Delta, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
West Va. Alpha, Randolph Macon College, Ashland, W. Va.
Ga. Alpha, Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Del. Alpha, Delaware State College, Newark, Del.
Va. Epsilon, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Ark. Alpha, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Penn. Delta, Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Va. Eta, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.
Ohio Beta Gamma, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Vt. Alpha, Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

Fratres in Universitate.

1908.

1st Lieut. H. L. Muller
2nd Lieut. T. W. Brown
2nd Lieut. S. M. Parker
2nd Lieut. M. S. Wilder

1st Lieut. H. A. Nims
2nd Lieut. E. C. White
Sergt. I. B. Edwards

1909.

1st Sergt. W. L. Clark
Sergt. J. T. Gilmore

Corp. G. R. Haight
Sergt. Maj. G. I. Rowe

1910.

Corp. W. F. Johnson
Mus. T. J. McGarry
Cadet W. Schakowski

Corp. L. U. Kennedy
Cadet C. H. Moore

1911.

Cadet J. E. Helyar
Cadet E. W. Magnus
Cadet R. E. Walbridge
Cadet A. A. Gibbs

Cadet S. G. Geer
Cadet J. E. Creed
Cadet D. H. B. Starr





Commons Club.

*"True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."--Pope.*

Affiliated Clubs.

Commons Club, Wesleyan University, Middletown. Conn.

Commons Club, Middlebury College, Middlebury. Vt.

Commons Club, Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

Pyramid Club, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Members.

1908.

1st Lieut. F. J. McCarthy

2nd Lieut. A. H. Sjovall

Cadet C. P. Cassidy

1st Lieut. R. V. Root

Sergt. J. I. Chase

1909.

1st Sergt. H. T. Clark

Sergt. C. C. Thomas

Cadet R. H. Seiple

Sergt. C. F. W. Graeser

Corp. E. M. Wheatley

Cadet H. E. Heyer

1910.

Corp. W. L. Chun

Cadet L. W. Balcom

Cadet W. L. Maynard

Cadet F. L. Robinson

Cadet W. B. Frost

Cadet C. N. Blake

Cadet H. A. Kendall

Cadet L. Terry

Corp. T. W. Earle

Cadet E. T. Giles

Cadet P. S. Emerson

Cadet J. W. Alger

Cadet J. H. Whitney

Cadet G. W. Dillingham

1911.

Cadet N. W. Beattie

Cadet M. B. Badger

Cadet H. V. Howard

Cadet N. G. Martin

Cadet M. W. Park

Cadet A. J. Riley

Cadet J. O. Goodrich

Cadet G. L. Uman

Cadet D. E. King

Cadet L. E. Stevens

Cadet G. G. Foster

Cadet A. M. Cosman

Cadet C. L. Buzzell

Cadet G. W. Lentell

Cadet C. F. Snow

Cadet Y. H. Tong

Cadet G. D. Stahj

Cadet B. J. Young

Cadet D. J. Smith

Cadet G. M. Eastman

Norwich.

Hill and dale rebound the echoes
Of the swelling cry,
While afar the swiftest breezes,
Raise it still more high.
And the clouds that o'er us hover
Roll the tide along,
Till the earth and sky are ringing,
This triumphant song.

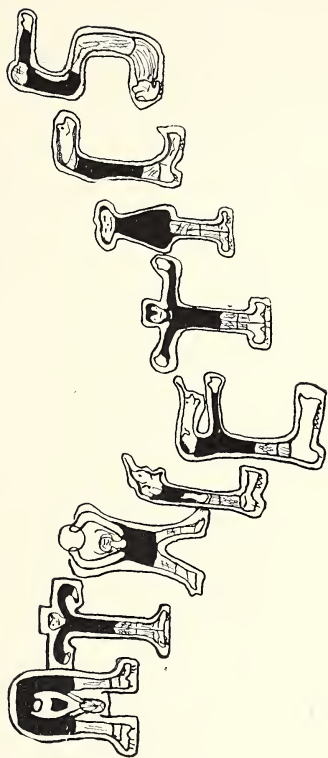
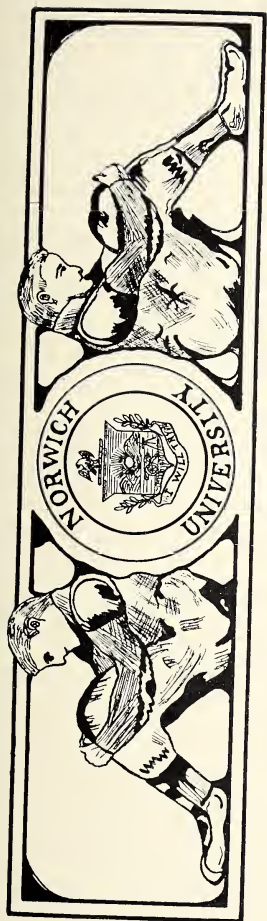
CHORUS: Shout the vict'ries,
Praise her louder,
Keep her still in view,
Hail, all hail our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, N. U.

As the years roll ever onward,
And the sun is seen,
May its light forever brighten
Alma Mater, queen.
May her line of sons illustrious
Great her praises tell
Till the sons as yet unheard of
Help this music swell.

CHORUS: Raise our chorus,
Sing it louder,
Sing the song anew;
Hail, all hail, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, N. U.

Firm and right and ever steady
May she always stand,
Loved by many loyal hundreds
Whose all mighty hand
They will use to well protect her,
From each mortal foe,
And her name in blazing letters
To all ages show.

CHORUS: Shout the chorus,
Raise it higher,
To the Heaven's blue,
Hail, all hail, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, N. U.



"Heroes in animated marble frown."—Pope.

Athletics.

Officers of the Norwich University Athletic Association.

President,	1st Lieut. J. E. O'Donnell
Vice President,	Ord. Sergt. G. E. Ames, Jr.
Secretary and Treasurer,	1st Class Sergt. E. A. Boyce
Chairman of Board Directors,	Prof. F. N. Tinker
Secretary of Board Directors,	2nd Lieut. T. W. Brown
Alumni Representative,	Mr. H. C. Cady
Faculty Representative,	Prof. F. N. Tinker
'08 Representative,	2nd Lieut. T. W. Brown
'09 Representative,	Ord. Sergt. G. E. Ames, Jr.
'10 Representative,	Corporal Freeman Light

"This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions."—D. Webster

"Some are born great, others achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."---Shakespeare.

Wearers of the "N."

Football.

Sergt. F. M. Barney	Cadet L. Maynard	Cadet F. A. Smith
Corporal J. B. Carswell	Cadet A. E. White	
	Cadet C. P. Cassidy	
Corporal A. W. Reid	Q. M. Sergt. M. H. Damon	Cadet R. M. Blanchard
Cadet D. U. Smith	Corporal C. F. Campbell	
	Sergt. G. E. Carpenter	
1st Lieut. C. N. Barber	Sergt. J. I. Chase	2nd Lieut. M. S. Wilder
Corporal G. R. Haight	Corporal J. A. Brinkerhoff	
	Corporal Freeman Light	

Basket Ball

Sergt. J. I. Chase	Ord. Sergt. G. E. Ames, Jr.	Sergt. F. M. Barney
Sergt. G. E. Carpenter	Mus. M. E. Carpenter	
	Sergt. E. S. Harbour	
1st Lieut. F. J. McCarthy	Corporal T. W. Earle	Corporal A. W. Reid
	2nd Lieut. M. S. Wilder	

Base Ball.

2nd Lieut. T. W. Brown	Cadet R. M. Blanchard	1st Lieut. J. E. O'Donnell
Sergt. F. M. Barney	Corporal A. W. Reid	
	Sergt. G. E. Carpenter	
1st Class Sergt. W. L. Clark	Cadet H. E. Cole	Corporal T. W. Earle
Cadet W. Schakowski	Cadet A. E. White	



"The wisdom of this world, its designs and efficacy terminate on this side of Heaven"
—Southey.

Base Ball, '07

The Team

Catcher	Cadet T. W. Earle
Pitcher	Cadet A. W. Reid Cadet H. E. Cole
1st Base	Corp. W. L. Clark
2nd Base	Capt. L. E. Knight
3rd Base	1st Sergt. J. E. O'Donnell Cadet W. Schakowski
Short Stop	Sergt. T. W. Brown
Left Field	Corp. F. M. Barney
Center Field	Lieut. R. P. Watson
Right Field	Cadet H. E. Cole Cadet A. W. Reid

Sergt. C. N. Barber Mgr.

Cadet R. L. Andrews, Asst.

1st Sergt. J. E. O'Donnell, Capt.

Games

Apr. 20,	Norwich 5, Montpelier Seminary 0
Apr. 22,	Norwich 0, Dartmouth 7
May 8,	Norwich 1, Exeter 14
May 9,	Norwich 4, Cushing Academy 15
May 11,	Norwich 0, Mass. Agri. College 18
May 13,	Norwich 3, Uni. of Vt. 16
May 18,	Norwich 0, Amherst Agri. College 3
May 21,	Norwich 10, St. Lawrence 9
May 28,	Norwich 0, Univ. of Vermont 4
May 30,	Norwich 1, Harvard College Nine 5
June 7,	Norwich 2, Middlebury 3
June 12,	Norwich 5, Williamstown 1



"Next to a great defeat the saddest thing is a great victory."—Napoleon.

Football, '07

The Team

Left End,	Sergt. L. J. Clarkson
	Corp. J. A. Brinkerhoff
Left Tackle,	Corp. Freeman Light
Left Guard,	Cadet C. P. Cassidy
Center,	Corp. C. F. Campbell
Right Guard,	Sergt. D. U. Smith
Right Tackle,	Sergt. Maj. E. D. Huntley
	Cadet F. A. Smith
Right End,	Corp. A. W. Reid
	Cadet A. E. White
Quarterback,	Corp. J. B. Carswell
Half Back,	1st Lieut. C. N. Barber
	Sergt. F. M. Barney
Full Back	1st Sergt. M. H. Damon
	Cadet R. M. Blanchard
Sergt. L. J. Clarkson, Mgr.	
Cadet C. F. Campbell, Asst.	
Lieut. C. N. Barber	} Captains
Sergt. Maj. E. D. Huntley	

Games

Sept. 21,	Norwich 10, N. H. State 0
Sept. 25,	Norwich 0, Holy Cross 0
Sept. 28,	Norwich 0, Dartmouth 12
Oct. 5,	Norwich 0, Brown 24
Oct. 12,	Norwich 0, Tufts 16
Oct. 26,	Norwich 33, St. Michaels 0
Oct. 19,	Norwich 11, University of Vermont 11
Nov. 2,	Norwich University 5, St. Lawrence 0
Nov. 9,	Norwich 5, Middlebury 0
Nov. 16,	Norwich 6, Middlebury 5

Points, N. U. 70, Opp. 68

Won 5, Lost 3, Tied 2

Nov. 23, Sophs 29, Fresh 0



"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."—Shakespeare.

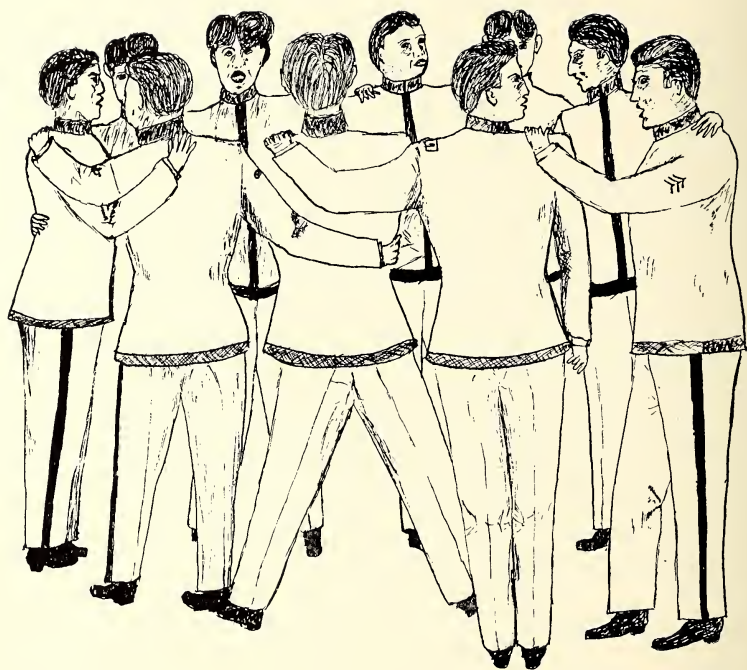
Basket Ball, '07-'08

The Team

Right Forward,	Sergt. F. M. Barney
Left Forward,	Sergt. G. E. Carpenter
Center,	Q. M. Sergt. M. S. Wilder
Right Back,	1st Sergt. G. E. Ames
Left Back,	Mus. M. E. Carpenter
Substitute,	1st Lieut. F. J. McCarthy
Sergt. E. S. Harbour,	Mgr.
Corp. J. B. Carswell,	Asst.
Sergt. F. M. Barney,	Capt.

Games

Dec. 11	Norwich 12, Holy Cross 35
Dec. 12	Norwich 12, Dartmouth 62
Jan. 6	Norwich 34, McGill University 35
Jan. 10	Norwich 4, Cushing Academy 32
Jan. 11	Norwich 20, Brown 39
Jan. 18	Norwich, 27, Tufts 26
Jan. 22	Norwich 4, Vermont 29
Jan. 31	Norwich 16, New Hampshire State 27
Feb. 4	Norwich 8, New Hampshire State 29
Feb. 5	Norwich 10, Andover, afternoon 39
Feb. 5	Norwich 16, Lowell Textile, even. 50
Feb. 7	Norwich 24, Holy Cross 23
Feb. 19	Norwich 19, Vermont 16



Musical Organizations

Of Norwich University.



“Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast.”--Congreve.





DR. H. M. GOKEY
Director



SERGT. R. L. ANDREWS
Reader

The Glee Club.

1st Tenors

Dr. H. M. Gokey
Cadet L. A. Wood
Cadet R. P. Lynde

2nd Tenors

Sergeant H. M. Brush
Cadet Crosby Adams
Cadet D. E. Field
Cadet J. H. Whitney
Cadet K. D. Sabine
Cadet F. J. Noel

1st Bass

Cadet R. W. Newcomb
Cadet A. P. Leete
Sergeant W. L. Clark
Cadet H. V. Howard
Cadet P. R. Shailer
Cadet F. M. Earle

2nd Bass

Corporal C. F. Campbell,
Cadet H. L. Putnam,
Cadet R. H. Seiple
Cadet N. W. Richmond

Piano

Cadet F. C. Parks

The Norwich Musical Clubs.

Last year the musical clubs of the university were formed as permanent organizations and have been making great progress ever since. A concert was given at commencement last year under the auspices of the senior class, which was a remarkable success. Dr. Harry Gokey, a graduate of Tufts and a former tenor in the glee club there was chosen as director and it is due to his efficient work that the club has lived. This year the glee club and orchestra travelled to Williamstown and gave a concert and this was followed by one at Waterbury. Both of these were financial as well as artistic successes. The mandolin club gave a brilliant concert at the Northfield Cornet Band Fair in February.

N. U., June 26, 1907

FIRST PART.

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------------|
| 1. | Overture, | The Governor's Son |
| | Orchestra | |
| 2. | Winter Song, | Bullard |
| | Glee Club | |
| | Sergt. F. V. Bourdon, Soloist | |
| 3. | Reading, | The Spanish Mother |
| | Cadet R. L. Andrews | |
| 4. | Bass Solo, | Selected |
| | Cadet L. C. Flint | |
| 5. | New Medley | Atkinson |
| | Glee Club | |
| | Duet, 2nd Lieut. Bachelder and Cadet Adams | |
| 6. | Selection, | Golden Rod |
| | Orchestra | |

SECOND PART.

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | The Sword of Ferrara | Bullard |
| | Glee Club | |
| | Cadet L. C. Flint, Sololist | |
| 2. | Reading, | The Soldier Tramp |
| | Cadet R. L. Andrews | |
| 3. | Selection from Spring Chicken | |
| | Orchestra | |
| 4. | Reading, | How Silas Trained the Colt |
| | Cadet R. L. Andrews | |
| 5. | In Picardie, | Osgood |
| | Glee Club | |
| 6. | March, | On the Bleachers |
| | Orchestra | |

Williamstown, February 20, 1908.

FIRST PART.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Selection, | Orchestra | |
| 2. Winter Song, | Glee Club | Bullard |
| | Cadet A. P. Leete, Soloist | |
| 3. Reading, | Corp. R. L. Andrews | Selected |
| 4. Anchored, | Glee Club | Watson |
| 5. New Medley, | Glee Club | Atkinson |
| | Duet, Cadet Sabin and Dr. Gokey | |
| 6. Selection, | Orchestra. | |

SECOND PART

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Sword of Ferrara, | Glee Club | Bullard |
| | Cadet A. P. Leete, Soloist | |
| 2. Reading, | Corp. R. L. Andrews | Selected |
| 3. Baritone Solo, | Cadet A. P. Leete | |
| 4. In Picardie, | Glee Club | Osgood |
| 5. Selection, | Orchestra | |





SERGT. H. M. BRUSH
Manager



SERGT. E. N. CLARK
Leader

The Orchestra.

1st Violins

Sergeant E. N. Clark
Cadet J. C. Larkin

2nd Violins

Corporal L. B. Bailey
Cadet C. F. Snow
Cadet F. M. Earle

Cornet

Sergeant H. M. Brush

Trombone

Cadet F. L. Robinson

Flute

Cadet V. H. Dunning

Cello

Cadet A. P. Leete

Piano

Cadet L. N. Burhoe

"The power of music all our hearts allow."--Pope.





2nd LIEUT. A. H. SJOVALL
Manager

The Mandolin Club.

1st Mandolins

Mr. C. J. Cameron
Corporal C. P. Strobell
Corporal G. R. Haight
Cadet G. G. Foster
Cadet F. J. Noel

Cello

Cadet A. P. Leete

2nd Mandolins

Mr. John Brock
2nd Lieut. A. H. Sjovall
Sergeant I. B. Edwards
Cadet G. L. Uman
Cadet P. J. Lowell

Piano

Cadet L. N. Burhoe

Instructors

Mr. C. J. Cameron Mr. John Brock

Leader

Corporal C. P. Strobell

Manager

2nd Lieutenant A. H. Sjovall

*"But none, ah none can animate the lyre
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire."--Dryden.*



Across the Bridge.

Across the bridge where toilers pass,
Sits Josephine,
My queen,
Behind a window sheathed in glass.

And mocking eyes she makes at me,
Fair Josephine,
My queen,
As I look up her face to see.

But if for me she does not sigh,
Dear Josephine,
My queen,
Her face will in my mem'ry lie.

A decorative border composed of a repeating pattern of book spines, arranged in a rectangular frame around the central text.

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Cadet Corporal Frank S. Clark.
Cadet Musician Merritt E. Carpenter.

Our Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not "crib" nor indulge too freely in the juice of the crib. (corn juice.)
2. Thou shalt not use more than thy spare time in cursing the military.
3. Thou shalt not "buck" for I say unto you that the "bucker" is the most despised before me.
4. Thou shalt not worship the officers as gods as some of them are most ungodly.
5. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself as long as he "sets 'em up", but otherwise no.
6. Thou shalt not steal if the chances of getting caught are too predominate.
7. Thou shalt not mind thine own business for if thou dost then there would be no chance for fight.
8. Thou shalt not use more privileges than due unless the O. D. and his satellites are grafters and can be bought.
9. Thou shalt not try to be funny for great is the fall of the funny man.
10. Thou shalt be a true, upright, law-abiding soldier as long as the benefits come to thyself otherwise the path must be twisted and contorted.

Holders of Honors at N. U.

GOLD MEDALIST, '07.

Harry Chadwick Pratt.

MOST DISTINGUISHED IN MILITARY DEPARTMENT, '07.

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"For what is glory but the blaze of fame?"—Milton.

It is with great pleasure that we print a fragment of a play of ancient origin found near Roxbury, Vt., deeply buried in a tin pail.

The Howling Sinners.

(A drama in 4 howls and 12 shrieks.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Prexy—King of the land of NORWICH.

Griz—Military secretary to the King.

The Com—Same as Griz only later.

COUTIERS: Fuzzy, Robbie, Dad, Threesh, Bill, Pat, Snipo, The Boy, The

Sport.

Wally Clark 1—King of the clan of '09; Slide-rule Clark, his ghost.

Pug Damon—Commander of the Army.

D. Hill Gilmore—Minister of (horse) Marine.

Take-a-shance-Greaser—Commandant of all Military Schools.

Ted Ames—A Colonel in the Army.

Tite Clark—Keeper of the Privy Seal, in love with the colonel's daughter

Grind Thomas—A lord in waiting (for a cinch.)

Sober-sides Hayden—An Archbishop.

Piggie Porker Patterson—Provider of punch and prunes.

Beany Harbour	}	Keepers of the harem.
Jerry Smith		
Bob Seiple		

Presper Andrews—Poet Laureate, (simple yet pure).

Josh Billings—Court jester or jest courtier.

Gump Boyce

Dingle-foot Carpenter	}	Court Dancers.
Willy Lord		

Tink Barney—a Gladiator.

Wag Brush	}	Court Musicians.
Tin-lip Carpenter		

Veatley—Standard bearer to the king.

Tish Rowe—A Sherlock Holmes in disguise.

Johnny Strawberry Heyer—King's valet de chambre and soloist.

Rube Haight—Queen's valet de chambre.

Bill Bayley—Who still refuses to come home.

Mary Leonard—A sweet girl graduate.

Liz Clark—Queen to Wally 1, a modern DuBarry.

Grandma Clark—Dowager Queen, fierce but good.

Scene: NORWICH and thereabouts, a place of pain and some joy.

Time: Whenever you are ready.

HOWL 1.

Shriek 1: Throne room of Prexy.

Prexy is discovered writing hurriedly, enter to him Griz.

Griz, (bowing)—Your majesty, I beg to report that a clan called 1909 has been circling around the castle and their balloons have now lit. They are 56 strong and—

Prexy—Avaunt, varlet, begone and see if they are friendly or know. (Exit Griz with nose close to earth). It seemeth wise to patronizing be— (Enter courtiers.)

Fuzzy—Your Muchness, I have seen and know that there is a strange, ignorant clan amongst us, but I feel that we can beat them into shape right rapidly.

Chorus—Aye, aye, aye, so be it.

Prexy—Quit me, you are unannounced.

Fuzzy—Ah, your majesty it is a glorious clan I know, for they enthuse me. (Puts hand over his heart, all courtiers come down center and sing, dancing Ring Around A-Rosy)

Ho Ho, for 1909,
For they are surely fine
Ho, Ho, for 1909.

Prexy—Desist, I say, you are unannounced.

Fuzzy—Sirrah, you have said it and it must be so. (Enter Griz all out of breath.)

Prexy—What ho, why this lack of breath, bring the bellows.

Griz—Stay, stay. Your majesty the clan is friendly (gasps) yea, even now they pitch their tents and beg to remain with us.

Prexy—Ah, 'tis well, have a term bill made out for each and every one and tell Lord Chamberlain Cuge to get jobs in the broom factory for all who can't pay.

Griz—It shall be did. (Exit backwards.)

Prexy—Ho, my good courtiers, it behooves you to study ways to inspire fear and wisdom in the aliens. I command you depart and ponder! Threesh, old head, give me your arm. I would seek a book that is No. 1234567890 in the library, according to the Dewey System. Bon Jour Messieurs.

All—Bon Jour Me Lord. (Exeunt Prexy and Threesh.)

Robbie—They are an intelligent looking set and mayhap will amount to something. What say you me, Pat? (Re-enter Threesh.)

Pat—Even so and peaceful.

Bill—Yea, yea, methinks 'twill rain.

Threesh—Nay nay, Bill, you are wrong, rather Prex will reign. (All laugh uproariously. Enter Griz.)

Courtiers—Peace be unto you!

Griz—Or pieces rather, for the dirty dogs have dared to make remarks because I have housed them three and four in a room. I feel that I am a failure as an innkeeper. (Groans and faints.)

Pat—(Dashing water in Griz's face) Cheer up me pal, the worst is yet to come.

Griz—(Reviving.) Give me the worst then, water will do to wash in. Where is the king? I would a word with him. (Exit P. D. Q.)

Threesh—Oh, this is slow, I'll go converse with the typewriter. (Exit and runs into Prexy entering.)

Prexy—Sir, do you know what you do? Is there no respect for me here?
 Threesh—Sorry, your majesty, but, but, but—
 Dad—Oh butt out. (Threesh begins singing "Old Lang Syne.")
 Prexy—Stop I say. Why all this commotion in the throne room? Fade away!
 Skiddoo! (Enter Griz.) There is no dignity to the place.
 Griz.—(Dropping to his knees.) Sir, I beg to differ, the clan of '09 is all settled and military laws have begun.
 All—Hurrah, hurrah, N. U. hurrah, hurrah.
 Prexy—Ah, what is so grand as militarism?
 Threesh—A grand piano, sir. (Courtiers angry study Drill Regs.)
 Prexy—Begone, varlet, I'll have you on the rack.
 Threesh—A hay rack sir? I'm great at hay-making. (Exit hurriedly while Prexy raises a bottle of ink, but seeing it is useless to throw it he sinks into a seat.)
 Dad—Here's to you and here's to me.
 Pat—(Singing) And here's to Norwich University.
 Fuzzy—And here's—
 Dad—What's the next line?
 Fuzzy—Here's to 1909.
 Prexy—Rouse mit him, he dares to be friendly with them. (Hurls a book.
 Exit Fuzzy quickly amid thunder and lightning, then all shriek wildly and exeunt.)

SHRIEK 2.

(A squalid apartment in a large green building supposed to be the throne room of King Wally 1st, which is thick with smoke and excreations. Wally 1st tilted back in a three-legged chair.)

Wag—Your majesty, what is to be done?
 Tite—Yea, yea, I wish I was in the arms of my true love, boo, hoo.
 Tish—Aw, cheese it, you're a squealer.
 Dinglefoot—But think of my poor feet. I won't be able to walk to my girl's house for a whole week.
 Grind—Well, it is up to us to squeal or walk.
 Take-a-shance—Your grace, shall I draw up the edict?
 Pug—Aw, send Josh up to clean out the place.
 Presper—Oh thou who lovest the law
 (Who in thunder threw that "chaw"?)
 Do as the law now bids thee,
 And hike while you sleep and while you see.
 Piggy—Oh give it up, this is no sewing circle.
 Wally—Well me good men, what is your pleasure?
 Sobersides—(With arms crossed on chest and sad looking.) Thou shalt love the law! This is the first and greatest commandment at N. U.
 Wally—The throne decides that sooner than squeal on the man or men who painted the smoke-stack, that we will walk until crack of doom.
 All—Yea, yea, yea.
 Tite—Love, love, oh what a soother are you!
 Wally—Then Grind, old head, we'll hurl it in their teeth. Let there be music and Jerry, sweet Jerry, conduct me to your lair. (Exeunt Wally and Jerry, while

Johnnie Strawberry begins in basso profundo accompanied by Wag and Tin-lip, "Oh for a home in some vast wilderness).

Pug—Oh soak'em with a brick. (Music stops suddenly.)

Mary—Oh, are we really going to walk, how very pretty.

All—Um, um, um, um.

Liz—Now this is what might be called a forced issue, now on page 59 of the Drill Regs.—

All—Hold on, hold on. (Liz is thrown out bodily.)

Presper—It is as easy to walk

Almost as it is to talk,

And yet in dead of night,

It is not quite right—

Beany—Hold on fellows, here's another. (All join in throwing Presper out.)

D. Hill—For two cents I'd leave the place. (Re-enter Wally.)

Wally—Say, are you ever going to get out of here, I want to study.

Gump—Your grace is sad, let us dance for you.

Wally—Out, out, I say, every one of you. (Exeunt in twos and threes. Wally's head falls down upon a table as he sits alone and after some time the moon rising, shines in the window. Suddenly the rear of the stage opens and Tish, Piggy, Tite, D. Hill and others are seen to pass with rifle on shoulder slowly and with heavy tread. The opening closes and the scene changes amid a dead march.)

SHRIEK 3.

(Office of Pug Damon, Commander of the Army.)

(The spring of the year).

Pug—(Alone, playing solitaire.) Ye Gods, it's getting to be nice weather. Me for a walk Sunday (enter Tite) as soon as I get home.

Tite—Hello Pug, how goes it? Soon will we see our loves.

Pug—Great, sit down. (Enter, Stub, Bob, Josh, Willie, Dingle-foot and others, armed.) Well boys, this is the last blankety blank, blank, blank dress parade for this year.

Willie—Well Pug, old pal, congratulations on your promotion. (Dances.)

Pug—Oh go to thunder, I'll get no promotion.

Dingle-foot,—Aw, who cares for promotion anyway.

Sobersides—Here's betting that Wally will be there with the goods.

Josh—Oh rats, cut it out, it's all I've heard all the term.

Ted—Sore head, sore head. (Enter Grandma) You would kick if you were a mule. (Sounds of a bugle are heard in the distance.)

Grandma—Well boys, there goes first call. All out for the last retreat.

Pug—Yes, thank God, and I haven't learned a thing this term but military and 17 different ways to play solitaire.

Willie—Nor I. Come on or you'll all be late.

(Exeunt all. Bugle sounds in the distance and then all re-enter and coats, rifles, belts, etc., are thrown in all directions and a wild packing ensues amid curses loud and deep as the curtain falls.)

HOWL 2.

Shriek 1.

Office of the Com. (Seated are seen Jerry, Pug, Sobersides, D. Hill and others. The Com on his dias.)

Com—Now Mr. Smith, do you think it is right to haze the freshmen and make them home sick and give them such names that would not do to be repeated in the drawing room?

Jerry—Well sir, some of them are too fresh and they need a little toning down. I got it in my freshman year and I think that it did me good, and I think it will them if they get enough of it.

Com—That will do Mr. Smith, I don't care to hear any more. What is your opinion of the matter, Mr. Gilmore? Do you think it right to tack such names as "Animated Ananias, the man with the Amalgamated Ankles, Angie for short, sir" or "Blubbering Billie, the masticator of blue stockings," on the freshmen?

All—He, he, he, he, he.

Com—This is no joke, boys, and it has got to be stopped, and if it isn't I, will find a way to stop it. (All bury their faces in their hands and have the appearance of weeping, for it is a subject hard to part with.) Now Mr. Hayden, what do you think of this matter? Do you think it is right to make these "rooks," as you call them, wait upon you and sing songs, furnish you with tobacco and roll matches across the floor with their noses?

Sobersides—Well, we got worse than that and we had to take it and it did me good, I know.

Com—That will do, boys, as I don't want to have you think that I am a tyrant, but this thing has got to stop and stop now, and I look to the non-coms to stop it. That is all (Exeunt Sobersides, Pug, D. Hill and Jerry in laughter and seeming deep humility.)

(He soliquizes.) I am the rookies' champion (Stand and puts hand on breast.)
And am a man quite bold,
And yet methinks
My fame shall ne'er be told.

(Sighs heavily, sits and begins to write General Order No. 90876 on an Underwood typewriter. No charge for this ad.)

Curtain.

Shriek 2. A large brick building in which the sons of old N. U. are housed. Some freak in the form of a would be king has discovered a spark of fire somewhere. Pandemonium raging. Several congregated in one room.

Ted—(Rushing in) She is going fine, boys.

All—Ah keep still, or they will get on. (Enter Tin-lip).

Wag—I tell you, boys, there will be some fun yet over this.

Pug—Ah, you are another squealer, get out and I am the corporal of the guard, too, I am not going to stay up to watch the darn thing.

Tin-lip—There they are on; the O. D. is yelling for me so I suppose that means fire call. (Exit P. D. U.)

Tite—Well, if that ain't the best fire that I've seen in some moons. (Gazes out

of the window while in the distance a bugle is heard stuttering out fire call.) It's like the fire in my bosom.

All—Everybody out for the fire and don't miss the fun.

Rube—Fire, fire, fire.

(In the distance is now seen a large blaze, toward which the clan rushes with much upsetting of pails, etc. Dingle-foot, Willie and Gump dance about the fire.)

Mary—Horrors, horrors, isn't it fine.

Liz—Wretch, to think of burning up that nice barn, it is a waste of material.

Veatley—Sure, sure, if you want to look at it that way.

Tite—It consumes like the fire of love.

Tish—(Making a display at tearing off a few boards.) Come, come you bucks and get this fire out, what is the matter with you anyway?

Presper—Oh 'tis those that go up higher

That never enjoy a fire.

'Twill be quite a clearance

That will be made from

The vict'ry over St. Lawrence.

Bill—Oh cut it, cut it; look, they have put the fire out. (Call to quarters is heard and all rush to the house, but Bill still refuses to come home.)

(Scene changes to midnight and to the roof of the house and a sentinel is seen by the light from the fire and in the distance is another. Pug has stationed his guard! ! ! ! !)

N. B. Here the manuscript is badly mutilated and we fail to get the scene of punishment, Shriek 3, which philosophers say must have ensued.

HOWL 3.

Shriek 1: An open field near the capital of Prexy's kingdom. Time, 7:00 A. M.

Discovered: Pug, Tite, Grind, Stub and Piggy, Sobersides and others, with implements of work.

Pug—Oh, thunder this is too good a day to work let's strike.

Jerry—Right you are Damon.

Pug—Ah, Smith shut up before some one shuts you up.

Tite—I guess that will hold you Smith.

(Dad appears on the scene).

Dad—Now party number one will work on the polygon down by the fair grounds and the others on the three polygons adjoining that I spoke of yesterday.

(All pick up the instruments and the army is on the march with some degree of dissent for the day is a grand one. They arrive at the scene of work beside the Dog and rest awhile.)

Slide Rule—Help, help, help, a man overboard.

Sobersides—Yes, yes, yes, and the enemy in sight.

Pug—Hold, my men, don't get rash, we need all our forces.

Ted—I see the man is without clothes in the water and it is one of the court musicians.

Slide Rule—In after him somebody, for he may drown. (Two or three plunge in after undressing.)

Pug—(As great noise is heard in the water.) Come, someone in after them

only don't let the enemy see our forces diminished. I'll go in myself. (Plunges into the deep).

Piggy—Hey you fellows, here comes—

Tink—Where, where? (Emerging from the stream.)

Bob—Come on fellows let's beat it. (All skurry on shore and complete dressing just as Dad appears.)

Josh—Prof. how are we to run a line through this river?

Dad—Well, I guess you can wade, although some engineers go right through without removing their shoes or stockings.

All—Oh, I should think they would catch cold in such cold weather as this.

Dad—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ah, ha. (Exit.)

Wag—Of course he is on, you can't fool him. (Great shouting in the distance).

Tish—Ah me for it, what is the trouble. (Crawls on his stomach until he can see.) Ah, boys it's a fight and an apple fight at that.

Presper—Little men who watch a fight

Will not see a pleasing sight,

For the dead and dying

And the crying and the sighing

Will all be told no doubt

When summer school marks are—

Pug—Pitch him overboard or choke him, (Presper dodges into the underbrush) Come on me brave men let us join the battle. (All rush to a place where they can pick up apples.

Slide-rule—Now this is just the way we did the time I was on the farm. I broke a chicken's leg once hurling a clam shell.

Tink—See that curve? I bet that hit Beany for that is his party.

Pug—Oh, see that one, it was a beaut, look out there, Tish.

Tish—(Grasping his shoulder.) Who was the blankety blank who threw that?

Pug—Close in boys and make them run. (All pick up an armful of apples and rush forward.)

Veatley—Look out, here comes Dad.

Bob—Dig, fellows dig. (All skurry into the underbrush and stillness ensues. Shriek changes.)

Shriek 3. (Shriek 2 was lost.)

Enter the clan of '09 in a dejected mood. The Sport is seen figuring on the blackboard.

Tish—Sir, the class in erfworks is present. (All giggle.)

The Sport—Now the lessons today Mr. Smiff is all about erfworks and then we will take up the subject of bwridges. Mr. Smiff why is a bwridge anyhow? (Laughter.) If youse don't behave I'll frow youse all out.

Slide-rule—It piers to me—

The Sport—That will do and anyway I call on Mr. Smiff, but there goes the bugles. We will continue this subject at the next meeting. The class is dismissed.

(We are sorry to say that the fragment was so torn here that it was impossible to read further. As yet no author has been found competent to finish the work. The War Whoop hoped to be able to put the play on at the theatre in Gouldsville but this cannot be done as the play would not take well unless finished.)

"The least said soonest mended."--Old Adage.



EDITORIAL



N PRESENTING this, the fourth edition of the WAR WHOOP, the editors lay no claim to exceptional honor, nor do they laud their own work above that of their predecessors. It is asked however that the book be judged for its own worth and not because it is the work of a class that you may or may not admire, and moreover it is asked that it may be judged not too harshly, for the editors are not professionals in the book line, but have done merely what they could. Accept the context with a good heart is all we ask and if you feel yourself unjustly treated, think it over and try to remember that the book is published in a spirit of fun and to ably fulfill this spirit no one is spared, but each and every one has been treated the same as far as possible. In some colleges the publication of the year book is dreaded by the student body. We do not aim for this consummation, but we do aim to have the book create some little stir and criticism. It is a hard task to make the book please every one and in fact it never will, for if you show me a crowd of people, be it school, or church or play-house, where there is not one kicker and I will show you a crowd of idiots. We sincerely hope that the student body will enjoy the work and that in the after days it will be a source by which you will always be linked with old N. U. We desire to thank all those members of the faculty, corps, alumni and advertisers who have so ably given their support and help in making our work a success and sincerely hope the book merits it.

"We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people."--Swift.

The Fussers' Club.

"What in colloquial language is called a fusser's way."--Whately.

HASTENING LOVE MULLER	Great Exalted Fusser
"What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house."— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	
GENTLY FURIOUS MITCHELL	Chief Toozer
"That I may laugh at her in equal sort. As she doth laugh at me."— <i>Spencer</i> .	
HORRIBLY EAGER HEYER	Toozer Extraordinary
"And will she yet abase her eyes on me?"— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	
SOME HUNGRY NORTON	Toozer Scribe
"Pride hath not soured nor wrath debased my heart."— <i>Harte</i> .	
HATEFULLY VENGEANT HOWARD	Butter In
"I will bring you where she sits Clad in splendor as befits her deity."— <i>Milton</i> .	
GREATLY ENVIED CARPENTER	Lemon Exchequerer
Adorned she was and lovely to attract thy love."— <i>Milton</i> .	
JUST SWEET SMITH	Kiss Distributor
"Thou art a fair woman to look upon."— <i>Gen. 12. 11</i> .	
GREAT RUNNER HAIGHT	Time Shortener
"For him with female care, She combed and set in curls her pretty hair."— <i>Dryden</i> .	
GOOD WALKER CLARK	Light Committee
"There are sowers of suits which make the court swell and the country pine."— <i>Bacon</i> .	
CAREFUL FOOLER CAMPBELL	Dark Committee
"Methought she looked very frumpish and jealous."— <i>Foote</i> .	
EASILY CAUGHT WHITE	Rex Toozalorum
"'Tis love that makes the world go round."— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	
CHEAPLY PUT-OFF CASSIDY	Talk Committee
"Love me and the world is mine."— <i>Song</i> .	
HORRID MASHER BRUSH	Silent Committee
"A frugal swain, Whose constant care was to increase his store."— <i>Home</i> .	

Candidates for admission notify the scribe.

Conditions: The using of all privileges each week and wrapt attention to the subject Saturdays and Sundays.

Deep sighs must be emitted daily and an all gone expression must be worn continually.

The Song of the Sea.

At evening I sit in the moonlight,
While afar off the grand sea waves roll,
I list their melodious echoes,
In the moonlight alone with my soul.

Through the gleam of the dark blue waters,
From the deeper abysses below,
Comes the chant of myriad voices
With a cadence so solemn and slow.

They sing of the joy of their earth-life,
Of their love and their passion and sin;
But the strains of love are not ended
Ere the discord of sin enters in,

The love song is soft as the breezes,
That uplift the green branches of May;
The love song is loud and as strident
As a blast on a chill autumn day.

Their song is a desperate longing
For the green and high places of earth,
For release from the damp sea caverns,
And a seat in the gay halls of mirth.

Thus often they sing in the moonlight
While above them the grand sea waves roll,
And in rapture I sit and listen
In the moonlight alone with my soul.

The Hike of '07





LOADING AT ALUMNI BARRACKS.
 "Farewell, farewell, my own true love."—*Song.*



B COMPANY TENTS AT BARRE.
 "Down where the Wurtzburger flows."—*Song.*

The Story Told Day by Day.

What visions of camp life with its joys of field cooking and lounging about beneath a tent in the shade to smoke, dwelt with the class of 1910 the whole night through of June 3rd, 1907. And too, how horribly unreal were these visions, for on the morning of June 4th the day beamed bright and clear, thus aiding much in the deception. But ah, the realization of the strenuousness of a corps on the march came only too soon. Although the upper classes had "been there before" and so did not hurt themselves working, the poor rooks were perspiring and loading wagons simultaneously.

Water was a boon to the worker in those wonderful loadings and yet one must not drink too much. Suffice it to say the wagons were at last loaded and the worry over our packets and their contents were soon relieved for we were certain they were started safely, even though there was a prospect of their arriving in Montpelier in sections.

Yes, to Montpelier was the first tramp, and that is nine miles. Something like two and one-half hours was consumed in making the trip and with a start in the middle of the morning it necessitated a lunch on the road. This was indulged in just outside the city.

Already were the feet of some tired or sore; most of the remainder had cold feet and wished to return to the peaceful banks of the Dog. Let us hope, gentle reader, that long legs will not be made one of the requirements for Cadet Major, as we little realize what agonies these would cause all except their owner. Major Pratt, with his seventy-two inch stride, has advantages, however, for we arrived in Montpelier on the Arsenal grounds before the rain descended and also were inspired by the cloud threatenings to work harder and get the tents pitched before the rain decided to dampen our spirits and blanket rolls.

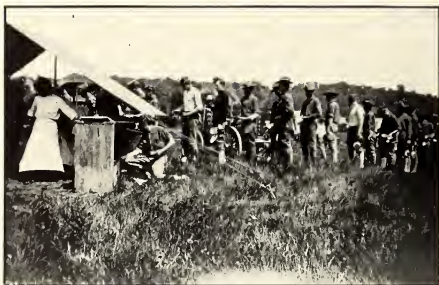
Rest seemed to be a thing eliminated from the curriculum and especially for rooks for none enjoyed this fruit but the orderly and he seemed to be lord of all he surveyed. Even after the tents were pitched and retreat over the elements hung aloft awaiting the time for some poor rooks to sit down. Then forth poured the rain and the ditching of tents brought out the workmen again.

Guard mounting had been indulged in and the slow tread of the guard on the grassy turf disturbed not the stilly night. The rain ceased, yes, ceased, for it was intended only as a means to get the rooks busy.

The glamor of camp life and the visions of the night before were now worn off, or if not entirely so, at least threadbare and sleep overcame the weary crew.

Ah, how loud sounds the report of a gun on the vacant air, and what ire arose as Pinkie learned that the gun he loaned to some one for guard mounting had been discharged by the sentinel at some officers just returning from the city.

This was the last disquietude of the first night of camp and slumber overcame



THE BREAD LINE AT BARRE.

"Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you may die."—*Shakespeare.*



PLATOON OF ARTILLERY TENTS AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

"Cannon to left of them—vollyed and thundered."—*Tennyson.*

the entire grounds and we were in the hands of the sentinels for protection. The beds were hard and pillows scarce but weariness had lulled more than one man to sweet repose and done him good, too.

The morning of the 5th was one to make every cadet dance for joy. It was a pleasure to eat so savory a meal and feel at peace with the entire world, yet it seemed as if the hip, elbow, ankle and shoulder bones had worn through the flesh during the night.

How the rooks clamored for eatables and developed a capacity enormous, which is one of the essentials of a successful hike. How well some wanted to respond to that old toast:

Here's to the three B's and the H.
Bread when we are hungry,
Beer when we are dry,
Bed when we are weary,
And Heaven when we die.

After a good breakfast, which was prepared by the Bascom Brothers (and, therefore, needs no other advertisement) tents were torn down and in less time than it takes to write it the entire grounds seemed to be a grand chaos again.

The march to Barre was to be done this morning and the afternoon to be devoted to rest. All who were troubled with that tired feeling had gotten rid of it by good hard work and the corps started for Barre, with good spirits and pleasant remembrances of Montpelier.

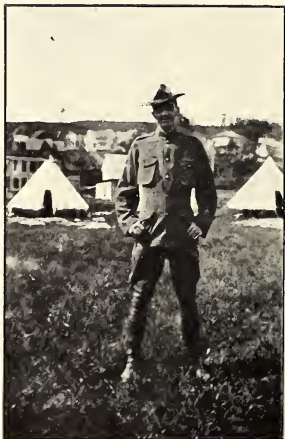
About 1:30 we arrived in Barre at the fair grounds or some other grounds, but they were fair enough for us. This time the wagons were behind and so we had to, simply had to sit down and, even though we thought we might not be able to get up again, we took the chances.

Visitors arrived *en masse* with the wagons and we caused almost as much excitement as a one ring circus. Lively unpacking was done and the camp made in almost no time, for there was the promise of eatables after this. It may truly be said that our cooks were *personae gratae*, regardless of passports or other credentials. The afternoon was spent in sweet rest and working the canteen for it was now a part of us. Candy and fancy cakes disappeared in a thrice. Some of the more ambitious ones walked to the drug stores and indulged in claret sodas and still others sought relaxation at a ball game. And then, too, Jimmie was kind enough to get girls for his friends so the dance could be attended in the evening.

This was a very pretty camp and the ground very spacious, but the same fault could be found with this and Montpelier, viz: too near civilization. Again sleep overcame us, and now it was to some the reward for hard labor, while to others it was the relapse of strength, and still others enjoyed it as a relaxation.

What a night! Cool and dark, and afar off in the distance could be heard a solitary cricket shrieking to his mate and as his voice grew fainter and fainter, sleep crept in apace and stilled it all together.

The morning dawned fair and clear. What can be more inspiring to a soldier than an outburst of sunshine at an early hour before breakfast? It is the balm that gives him an appetite as the smell of boiling coffee is wafted tentward by the breezes and the sun glitters on the ration cans of those afraid of being left or for-



CADET MAJOR H. C. PRATT AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

"The smith, a mighty man is he."—*Longfellow.*



COOK AND SUPPLY TENT AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

"And they hungered, and he gave them food."—*Bible.*

gotten. All meals are not the same in camp as many suppose, for with each one there is a change of scene or atmosphere, which gives a newness other than the mere change of meat and vegetable.

It was with some reluctance that the corps again donned their equipment and left for Williamstown on this Wednesday morning. However, it was done and the day being hot, an easy step was taken up. No prettier scenery can be boasted of by any state than this road to Williamstown.

Arriving about two in the afternoon tents were pitched upon the baseball diamond of the village and it made a fine picture with one company well ensconced on each side. In the afternoon our strenuous ball team crossed bats with the Williamstowners and won by a score of 15 to 1. What was the cause? Was it the peculiar cheering of the lady spectators that gave inspiration or was it the determination to see how much human nature could endure? It has, however, been well proven that our team will win if it plays when thoroughly tired out. Now hereafter let the coach set the team to hay making or stone breaking for a day or two before a game. Notice, readers, we cast no reflections upon the inferiority of the Williamstown team!

After the game we showed the inhabitants our function called "evening parade as she is done," which created some stir and applause. Some cadets by this time were ready to retire and did so, while others of a more sociable nature, visited the many hostesses, as we might term the fair sex of Williamstown.

During the night our guard was "eternally vigilant" to the detriment of the sleeping camp, but to the good of militaryism and protection. A few late exponents of the "visitation rules" as laid down by our president, were halted and suffered exposure accordingly.

The platoon of artillery was disturbed by a couple of "too freely indulgent imbibers," who doubtless took our tents for the sails of some ocean sailing vessels. Our valiant officer-of-the-day was alive and watching and with some persuasion he got the "less stable" ones to move along. These are but some of the beauties of camping near roads where teams passing sound like locomotives. These were about all the disturbances of the night, and when the peaceful calm fell it was deep and only the long sighs of some few pressed close to the breast of Mother Earth, disturbed the "wee sma' hours."

Out of a brilliant east glided the sun on Thursday morning and the distant hills that seemed purpled in the dim sunlight of the day before, now assumed a diadem of radiating gold; glittering diamonds sparkled on the grass blades, and vanished in the game of hide-and-seek with the sun. Reveille sounded clear, but oh too, too soon—and yet mess call was soon to follow as a reward. It seems in camp life that nothing is so arduous but that it has a follower of amelioration. The breakfast was a delight and gave new life to all. Some even indulged in a third helping, and then claimed to be too full to assist in loading. They did, nevertheless, and we all joined in, hoping that we would next stop at a camp ground miles away from civilization.

Soon were the feet tramp, tramping on the road to Brookfield, and songs rent the air, and be it said to their glory, that the baseball team were the jolliest among us.



C COMPANY TENTS AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

"The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold."—*Byron*.



THE BREAD LINE AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"—*Macbeth*.

This march was no different from our other ones, except that the officers tried their skill with revolvers at woodchucks in the distance as we walked along. The long stride was given us as a pace, and be it said to all who ask it, that we were in at the finish.

Slowly over the Brookfield Bridge the column wound and oh, glorious day, what a scene we beheld! Situate to our left were hills, divine hills that sloped gently to the stream below. High in the rich air and soft underfoot with earth's velvet, this was all that could be asked for. The grounds overlooked the town and were on the opposite side of the stream from it and was supplied with a fine spring. What was left to be desired? Arms were stacked and all lay down to rest as the wagons were a little behind. What vigor, eagerness and haste displayed themselves as soon as the wagons arrived for the bracing atmosphere and the thoughts of a swim were enough to urge the workers on.

What a camp! How we wished that several days might be spent here! The afternoon was spent in bathing and sleeping and the night—that night will never be forgotten. Each company had its campfire, around which gathered the members and told yarns or attempted to tell them. And, the wood burning low, a consolidated fire was planned. It was a success, for each company lent its aid and heaped on the wood till the tongues of flame seemed almost to mount to the heavens and kiss the myriad stars that twinkled in watchful silence. Songs were sung—songs of old N. U.—songs of the Alma Mater and songs of love and home. Also floated to us at intervals the croaking of frogs and crickets and from the village the laughter and cries of some who were capering for the amusement of the Brookfieldians. Down, down sank the flames, and as call to quarters floated out upon the air, it carried with it a stillness that was soon apparent. Sleep *was* a sleep in this place. Nought to disturb and no one caring to be disturbed. Even the ground seemed to have turned its soft side uppermost and offered a bed unexcelled.

Let the night be passed over for it was one of peace and happiness and let us wake with the morn. A sunrise to be a balm to the most unobserving was what we witnessed. Old Sol smiled in his glass that we had termed a river and, being satisfied with himself, prepared to mount his course in jealousy and to dispel the dew drops that bid to draw attention from himself.

Camp breakfast was eaten by some on the river brinks by others at the edge of the spring and still others stretched themselves upon the grass. Breaking camp was the first sadness that the corps experienced. Breaking camp in itself is not so sad, but it seemed so in Brookfield. Reluctantly the wagons were again loaded and the march taken up for the range at Northfield, where rifle practice was to be indulged in.

Brookfield had been our prettiest and best camp, although parade was dispensed with, and guard mounting on a side hill was not the function it had been back in Williamstown, Barre and 'pelier. Our camera friends had been at work and it is left to the reader to observe the beauty of the camp.

Friday is an unlucky day for some, but this was refuted in our case. Barring the heat we made good time, arriving at the range about two in the afternoon. Sunk in a circle of hills was our camp, liberally supplied with stumps of trees that had been hewn down, and closed in from the world without.



HALT BETWEEN WILLIAMSTOWN AND BROOKFIELD.

"Rest, rest, for the weary, rest, rest for the soul."—*Song*.



A COMPANY TENTS AT BROOKFIELD.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."—*Gray*.

Of what use was the place anyway? Was it not a blot on the face of nature? Room for eighteen or twenty tents could never be found here. The commands were halted and given rest and we waited for the wagons to lunge in upon us. This was soon done and then some wise schemer thought the all-wise Creator had purposely placed these stumps for tent stakes, and he began to try them out in the new position, but it was soon found to no avail.

With a competent dismounted police force, some space was cleared and room enough for the tents found. How prone are we all to assume the pessimistic first! Perhaps it is the better way, for it induces work then and it was surely the better in this case, for with the tents pitched and the grounds cleaned and cleared a little we were again blessed with a pretty home. Now did our tents resemble so many paper cones resting in a wash bowl as we gazed down upon them from the hills. A brook ran at the edge of the camp and lined with trees it made a convenient bath room, the capacity of which was almost unlimited.

Rest was the order of the remainder of Friday and when Saturday dawned we learned that our mattresses were to be brought from the University, and this gave us unbounded delight. Looking at this from a military standpoint it was almost ludicrous, for a mattress in camp is an unheard of thing. Saturday was spent "as you please" and some came to town, purchased strawberries and induced the willing boarding mistresses to "build" short cakes. Luxuries to soldiers in olden times were unknown, but now nothing seemes impossible and especially so to a delegation of raving, rollicking young men.

Saturday night was a boisterous one, for again were we visited by some "imbibers," who failed to observe the military camp rules and after some little parley, they were ejected by the guard and cadet major. This episode was carried on in a drizzling rain and shortly thereafter a gun report broke out on the now semi-calmness. Who dared do it? Why, and for what purpose? A round of the camp was made and no one could be found who would confess the deed and, as it was only a blank anyway, it did no damage.

Sunday wearily dragged itself into being out of a mist and rain of the night, and finally burst out in splendor, purposely, no doubt, to entice the officers to inspect the corps. Yes, Sunday inspection! You never heard of such a thing before, you say? Well, neither did we. Sunday, as a rule, on the hike was used as God intended it should be used--to rest. However, tents, equipment and arms were inspected, and all rust ordered removed. It was most as good as an inspection at the barracks.

All day long visitors swarmed the camp and plied us with questions and by guard mounting time we had a fair audience. Some lingered as they smelled the new made coffee, and were treated to a taste and the women acknowledged that it was as good as they could make themselves.

The night was a peaceful one, but the horror of rising at 5:30 a. m. was with us. We had risen each morning thus far at six a. m., but now the range work was to be begun and so an early start was planned. It was beastly hot in the butt and still hotter standing shooting, but we came through the ordeal safely, but with few laurels.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were spent thus and on the morning of



THE COMPANY TENTS AT BROOKFIELD.

"Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain."—*Goldsmith*.

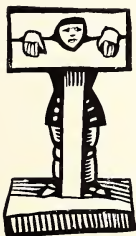


A SQUAD OF DISMOUNTED POLICE AT THE RANGE.

"A Pickaxe and a spade, a spade,"—*Hamlet*.

Wednesday the packing and loading was done by those whose skill at shooting had been sufficiently tested. Rain again descended as we took up the march barrackward, but this could not dampen our spirits, for the thoughts of being home again predominated. We arrived in due time and oh how good it seemed to lie on a bed again, and feel at peace with the world. It was a glorious experience, and all had a good time and yet it was hard work. Most all carried a good coat of tan and numerous ones hobbled about because of blisters, but on the whole it was a successful hike. Some returned with greater weight than when they started, which speaks well for the Bascoms. At supper time the onslaught upon the eatables was terrific and it showed plainly

That we can live without poetry, music or art,
We can live without conscience or without heart,
We can live without friends, we can live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP AT THE RANGE.

"Oh, for a home in some vast wilderness!"—*Song*



RIFLE PRACTICE AT THE RANGE.

"Shoot, shoot, if you must,"—*W'hittier*.

Norwich at the Fairs.

For many years it had been the custom of the old farmer who had succeeded in raising an especially large pumpkin, or an unusually tall stalk of corn to place it on exhibition at the county fair, to the wonder and silent envy of all his less fortunate neighbors; but up to the year 1907 it seems that no one had ever thought of the analogy existing between the pumpkin and a university, or had dreamed of entering an entire college among the live stock exhibits at these autumnal carnivals.

In the fall of 1907, however, it was announced that the cadet corps of Norwich University would be among the attractions at the Dog River Valley Fair on September eighteenth and nineteenth, and when college opened on the third of the same month every effort was made to get the corps into condition as soon as possible. It is a matter of no small credit to the officers and "non-coms" in charge that in fifteen days they succeeded in preparing the largest freshman class of recent years to take part in a public exhibition which elicited nothing but the highest commendation from all who saw it. The 'rooks' were rushed through the "School of the Soldier" and "School of the Squad" into the "School of the Company" and Battalion Drill with a celerity truly remarkable. Extended order, too, was taken up, a thing which had never before been attempted until spring.

The eighteenth of September came only too soon, and at one p. m. on that day the entire corps started from the University and marched to the fair grounds about a mile above the village. The sight of cadets at the fair as individuals was by no means a new one, but the sight of one hundred and seventy young soldiers marching in through the gates was something which had never before been witnessed, and every eye was fixed upon them as they came upon the grounds. The corps was halted and given "rest" until the race track could be cleared, then, headed by the band, they marched slowly and majestically down the track past the grandstand, each company receiving its due share of applause from all present, and especially, be it said, from the fair sex, for the affinity existing between a girl and a brass button is one of the strongest things in the world. Following this triumphal procession came drills of various kinds upon the grassy area at the east side of the grounds. There were battalion parade, battalion drill, company drill, a dumb show artillery drill, and last of all a lively sham battle, with much popping of blank cartridges and a fierce, warlike smell of burnt powder.

The corps was then dismissed and its several members were free to wander over the grounds and exchange their superfluous coin for peanuts, "hot dogs", root beer, rides on the merry-go-round, glimpses of "Ago" and other freaks, and (we blush at the confession) for sweet cider and wagers on the races in the 4:59 class. The affinity of girls for brass buttons was also given an opportunity to become operative in such cases as there was a plentiful supply of silver and greenbacks to back up the brass.

At the close of the long afternoon, the bugles blew "general assembly" and a few moments later the return to the barracks was begun. Upon arrival at the University, retreat was held, and then the corps was turned loose, like a conquering army of old, to pillage the tables of the various boarding houses. Such was the first day of the fair.

Evidently the management of the fair had a "pull" with the weather man, for the second day, like the first, was one of clear skies and warm sunshine, which brought the people out in crowds and swelled the coffers of the proprietors accordingly. The cadet corps gave a second exhibition which differed from, and in some respects excelled, its performances of the previous afternoon. The Platoon of Artillery was not restricted to dumb show drill but made the ladies jump with several booming shots from their young cannon. A saber drill was also given which had a very spectacular effect, especially the "rear moulinet," which doubtless reminded the spectators of pictures they had seen of "Washington taking Command of the Army" or "Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo." Cold-blooded history, nevertheless, tells us that Napoleon, sensible man that he was, spent the eighteenth of June, 1815, six miles behind the line of battle, and mayhap our young gallants who brandished their sabers so valiantly on the banks of the peaceful Dog would seek for a place still farther in the rear under similar circumstances.

Little remains to be told of the Dog River Valley Fair. The general sentiment of the people seemed to award the blue ribbon and diploma of honorable mention to the Norwich cadets, but that has by this time become an old story, for it has been the habit of Norwich cadets to spatter themselves with glory at all times, and anyone doubting this statement is respectfully referred to the many volumes in the University Library, which treat extensively of this subject.

"Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Ready to fight, or ready to die, for Fatherland."

The Vermont State Fair.

"Inglorious shelter in an alien land."—Phillips.

Dull gray clouds which hung low over the surrounding hills, an occasional drop of rain in the air and a cutting wind which swept tumultuously down the valley, formed the picture which greeted the Norwich cadets as, laden with all the arms and accoutments of war, they hastened forth to snatch a bit of breakfast at the ungodly hour of 5:00 a. m., preparatory to starting for the State Fair at White River Junction. Fortunately for them, they did not foresee that chilly winds, mists and dampness, like the "leit-motif" of a Wagnerian opera, were to follow them throughout the entire expedition, or it is to be feared that the number of cheerful hearts in the corps would have been less even that it was on that somber October morning.

The corps "entrained" (how beautifully military that sounds) at 6:00 a. m., and was whirled at lightning speed toward its destination, arriving, after a breathless journey of some fifty five miles, at about 9:00 a. m. The sight that greeted the eyes of the cadets as they once more set foot upon mother earth was one which no artist

could paint. A vast plateau, composed of a kind of soil especially adapted to the making of mud pies, was spread out before them. A few stunted pines were seen scattered over its surface. A chilly, disagreeable wind was omnipresent and seemed to blow from all quarters at once. A ticket office, two grand stands, several cattle sheds, a seemingly interminable line of new board fence and various booths and show tents, many of them only partially finished, served to fill up the foreground and to complete the picture.

In the due process of time the corps was marched upon the grounds and escorted to its place on a little knoll just beyond the cattle sheds. Wagons soon came bearing the tents and 'castramentation' was then the order of the day. To some of the "rooks" it probably seemed a little strange to be told to be in three or four different places at once, doing three or four distinct and separate things, but the old men had had experience in that business and had learned the maxim "'Of three or four orders, choose the softest job," so they fared reasonably well.

Camp being made, the Sibley stoves were brought into action, and after a time some of the dampness was dried out of the tents and they became fairly habitable. Straw was then procured, and the cadets made their beds in much the same manner as certain corpulent animals in nearby pens made theirs.

The members of the corps were then given an opportunity to walk about the grounds, where they found many of the freaks who had aroused their curiosity at Northfield and others which were entirely new. "Ago" was there, also the merry-go-round with its three-piece repertoire, both recalling memories of happier days beside the river Dog.

About 12:30 dinner was served. About 12:45 drill call blew, and the Platoon of Artillery being "last on" was obliged to place 'duty before pleasure' and go to drill on empty stomachs, dining at 3:00 p. m. on bread and coffee.

The drills consisted of Butt's Rifle and calisthenics, also battalion drill and a sham battle on a somewhat more elaborate scale than at the Dog River Valley Fair the young cannon adding their lusty voices to the the din and clamor of battle. These strenuous exercises were viewed by a scanty assemblage of people who applauded as loudly as possible, and I would here tender them the thanks of the corps were I certain that the wild gesticulations were not intended to increase the circulation of blood in their veins rather than to add to the glory of Norwich.

During the latter part of the afternoon and in the evening some of the cadets ventured forth to White River Junction and—elsewhere; which latter place is located, so they say, in the land which Winston Churchill aspires to rule. To say more might bring on the crisis, so please excuse a short paragraph.

Retreat and evening parade were held with about three spectators in attendance, which, it may not be improper to suggest, were representatives of the fair management who were there to see that the cadets fulfilled every letter of their contract. After this, supper was perpetrated and one by one, the drowsy cadets crawled between their blankets and nestled down in their bed of straw until at Taps all was silent, save for the slow tread of the shivering sentinels or the somewhat more rapid footsteps of an adventurous traveller returning from the mysterious town of—elsewhere.

When reveille blew the following morning, the 'leit-motif' was once more

heard in the shape of a fog of about the right consistency to swim in. A fog of the kind to make the London variety look like a peroxide blonde. Some cruel hearted person has told it as a joke on a certain "rook" that he approached what he supposed to be a post, intending to hang his hat thereon while he made his toilet, when suddenly the supposed post faced about and he was able to discern through the mist the well-known features of the Cadet Major. Really though, we fail to see the joke in that incident.

After shivering around in the aforesaid semi-liquid atmosphere till about 9:00 a. m. the cadets were filled with joy to discover that the sun was peeping through in spots, and when, a little later, the fog rolled away and left a splendid autumn morning, each cadet gratefully humped up his back to the sun and dried himself much as a duck would after a splash in the pond.

Soon the crowd began to come, "old men and maidens, young men and children," autos "honk-honked," horses attempted to climb trees at the sound, babies cried, fakers "barked," cattle bellowed, dogs howled, roosters crowed, and above all, the old power organ on the merry-go-round braved forth its music to the air. The second day of the fair was on.

The glory of the cadets was at its zenith on that day. Not at the Centennial itself had so many little gloved hands "spat-spatted" at the sight of brass buttons! Not at the Centennial had so many snowy handkerchiefs fluttered in the breeze! What magnificent drills, too! No need to describe them, but they were *it*! Then, too, there was the joy of feeling cameras focused upon you at every turn, and the pleasure of forming an integer in the big picture of the corps taken with a sort of gatling gun camera. Then all the attractions of the "Midway" were running full blast, and even there Norwich was represented by a booth decked with maroon and old gold. You bet there was Retreat and Parade, and a sunset gun, too! Nothing was left out! It was fine, grand, superb magnificent, glorious, sublime, and a whole lot of other adjectives usually reserved to describe "the greatest show on earth."

Then darkness fell, the crowd had gone, the air grew chill, the pines moaned drearily in the night-wind, away off across the valley a train whistled dismally. The reaction had come. One by one the figures left the little camp fires and crawled into their tents to sleep. One by one the camp fires flickered and died out. A cow-bell jangled faintly in the cattle sheds, and then the call of the sentinel rang out, loud and clear, but wonderfully sad and mysterious, 'Twelve o'clock—and all's well'.

Again daybreak, and again the "leit-motif" of mist and fog greeted the cadets. Not so thick as on the previous morning, to be sure, but still thick enough to prove an effectual damper to all signs of good spirits in the corps, the members of which had begun to think that fog was an essential part of a properly arranged landscape in White River Junction. A small crowd came, but the members of the corps cared little for them. The one thought was home, home, home, where one can sleep in a bed o' nights. Who was the wretch who suggested that the corps would have to stay till Friday? Throttle him! Such was the picture on Thursday morning.

Old Sol, however, did his duty in the course of time and drove away the fog. The bedding was taken out of the tents and placed in the sun to dry. There were to be no drills that morning, and the cadets had one last chance to wander about the grounds. Some one says that they helped to put down the curse of gambling which

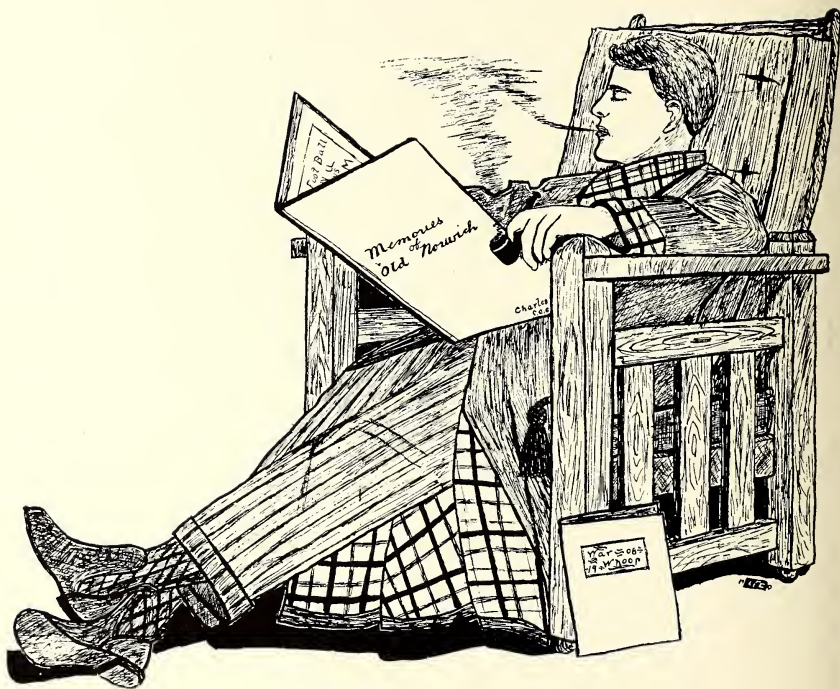
is so prevalent at all such places, doing by the gentle process of assimilation what the police had failed to do by the power and majesty of the law.

At noon camp was struck, and the tents were sent off to the station. Then the time from one till four o'clock was spent in sitting around making guesses as to what would happen next. Their questions were answered when at 4:00 p. m. drill call blew for the last drill in White River Junction. It consisted of Butt's Rifle and the usual evening parade, then the corps was marched down to the station at White River Junction where the "entrainment" for the return trip at once took place.

It was a tired corps that left the train in Northfield that evening. They were marched to the barracks and then dismissed, an hour being given them to eat supper and return to the barracks for *study hours*! They had won glory for their Alma Mater, they had done more to advertise her than all the catalogues had done in five years, they had brought in no small amount to her treasury. This they had done, and coming home to lay their laurels at her feet get only the stern reward, "Well done, study hours tonight." Well, that is as it should be. A soldier must not think of self, he must not feel the pangs of hunger, he must not know what it is to be weary, his lips must not be parched with thirst, his heart must know no fear. His duty is to obey, first, last and always. Then if, as in this case, Taps temporal is blown, of if, as in other cases, it be Taps eternal, then may he slumber.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.





Alumni

"To do good and communicate forget not."---Heb. 13: 16

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"Honor and shame from no condition rise act well part—there trae honor lies."

---Pope.



GRINDS

GRINDS

Com. (to cadet officer.) "Isn't chapel a little late this morning, Lieut?"

Lieut. "What time is it now?"

Com. "8:08."

Lieut. "And what time should assembly blow?"

Com. "8:10."

Lieut. "Yes sir, it is two minutes early."

Carpenter assured us in geology that he knew of an artesian well from which water flows many degrees below zero.

"May I ask you if it wouldn't be impertinent?"

Liz in Ethics.

We learned in the class in Intenational Law that perfume is discontenanced in the upper circles. Ireland is ostracized, therefore, among nations for raising onions.

The candidates for degrees in Military and Music have gained possession of all the top rounds of the class ladders.

Russia during the Nihilist raids is nothing to the terrors that encompass the editors as the bombs are bursting while these articles are written.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," illustrated by Lord during the spring term.

It is truly an awful thing to live in society's whirl when a lieutenant and a private call on the same girl.

Extract from schedule:

Guard mounting 1st call at 7:15 a. m.

Assembly 7:20 a. m.

Adjutant's call 23 minutes later.

There was a slight altercation down on officers' row recently, after which a pair of rainbow pajamas and a mattress were found out in the mud.

Cadet (on the hike, to native.) "How far is it to Brookfield?"

Native "About three miles."

Cadet (20 minutes later to pedestrian) "How much farther is it to Brookfield?"

Pedestrian "Three miles or so."

Cadet (half hour later to teamster) "How far is it to Brookfield?"

Teamster "Just three miles."

Cadet "Thank Heaven we are holding our own."

Fuzzy (in class) "You young men in the front seats will be obliged to sit more quietly so those in the rear may sleep undisturbed."

One rook innocently inquired if Mysterious Bill's rain machine was the guard room.

2nd Lieut. (to newly made cadet) "Haven't you learned to salute yet?"

Rook "I didn't see any tin things on your shoulders."

"——— had a shovel
It's sometimes called a spade,
But with this little implement
He all his erffworks made."

We are informed that Uman's salvation lay in the fact that it takes 24 hours for cotton cloth to be converted into gun cotton. Time is kind.

We are led to understand that beside the "Reveille" we have a publication edited thrice weekly by a couple of ambitious seniors.

After long investigation, one crime has been found of which Martin is not guilty—desertion.

If anyone is looking for a first class recorder for a chaining party, apply to J. Smith. By allowing five feet for winding the tape about trees and 7.3 feet for steep banks he then made a polygon close 1 in 27,000.

Junior (doing the visitation act two a. m.) "I am afraid it is time to go."

Montpelier Belle (suppressing a yawn) "Isn't it any later than that?"

Norwich co-eds are becoming more numerous; besides Lizzie and Mary, we now have Elsie, Martha, Carrie and Rebecca.

Cold feet are all right in their place, but how about walking from church to the barracks in stockings, slush and mud, while your boots are borne on the back of a repentant fellow cadet?

While the professor in Pol. Econ. was speaking of the three days of grace, Pinkie awoke long enough to inquire, "Did you speak to me, Professor?"

Ask Prof Flint about losing Prof. Tinker in a strange city without hat or coat and but 37 cents in his pocket. However Kemp came up with the cigars so it is all right.

Cadet(in surveying) "In the diagram the grade line is that straight line with no bend in it."

Prof. (to cadet) "Now you are reasoning in a circle like the librarian does so often."

Prof. Roberts (after faculty hop) "Who represented the commandant at the hop?"

Fraser "I did."

Prof. Roberts "Very well then, here is his assessment."

Down town Belle "You can always tell an N. U. man."

Cadet "Yes, but you can't tell him much."

The Geology mystery— "Who lost the hammer?"

It is all right for the old men to discourse upon the pleasure of sleeping on the ground to rooks, but did you notice any of them refusing the straw?

Comm (in Law) "By the way, one of the former Professors of Norwich is in the Argentine, where he can't be extradited."

Liz (excitedly) "When did you hear from him?"

Pinkie (on the hike) "Have any of you fellows seen my mattress?"

O. D. (reporting off duty) "I think, sir, that the bomb was fired by some one outside the corps."

Comm "Do you suspect any one in particular?"

O. D. "No sir, I don't think I do."

Comm. "Well as there are fewer men inside than out I think we will search the corps first."

Junior "Why did Dad hand out this bunch of heavy literature to us?"

Senior "They had it in the library and did not want to move it."

Sergt. of guard (to sentinel) "What would you do if you saw a war balloon, a battery of Field Artillery and a man carrying a six inch siege gun at port arms, approaching your post from different directions?"

Com. (after checking up the new equipment) "There's just \$70,000 worth of this stuff here and there isn't a man in town that hates me badly enough to try to steal it."

That was a great "spiel" Prexie gave us on "Visitation" and only one cadet has been found so far who *didn't* have his fingers crossed throughout the discussion.

Did "Mac" win out on the shell game? Well, not that anyone has heard of.

As the train went through West Berlin, Conn., Wag started for the door from sheer force of habit and it was only with difficulty that he was made to realize that he was not in Vermont.

Senior (at guard room) "Sir, I report my return on deficiency."

We had supposed that after the rooks had been here six months we had broken them of carrying their bottles in ranks, but we seem to be mistaken.

Does anyone know where the hammer is? It is a good thing for Patterson that he is class treasurer.

We know that "cleanliness is" is next to godliness", but still it was surprising to hear that Perkins had taken a swim in the "Dog" in April and that fully clothed.

Northfield, Vt.

May 20, 1908.

To Philip and Fisher,
New York,

Dear Sirs:

When I was a freshman at Norwich I used your excellent text books of Mathematics and since then have used no other.

Signed

R. H. SEIPLE.

This is an unsolicited testimonial from Mr. Seiple and we are glad to know that our patrons are pleased.

PHILLIP & FISHER,
New York.

The Engaged Men's Club.

Pres. M. H. Damon.

Sec. and Treas. R. L. Andrews.

Faculty Members.

You may have but one guess.

Members in University.

Ames,

Brinkerhoff,

Muller

Haight,

Barney,

Clark, G. W.

Clark, H. T.

Carpenter, G.

Howard,

Larkin

Baldwin,

Donahue,

Hayden

Members over the great divide (or all gone.)

Bourdon

Chase

Roach

Heyer } ?

White, E. C. }

Sergeant (explaining mark time) "At the command *march* raise the left foot four inches from the ground. At the count *two* place the right foot beside it."

There is a question in the minds of a couple of Juniors who received promotions early in May whether the days of confinement which arrived simultaneously were for the prevention of swelled heads.

The Dean holds views somewhat contrary to those of the President. For example, we were advised to go to the Glee Club concert and be sure to take some one with us.

Jacks' heroism in reading the three-page order in regard to the use of the bayonet "published for the information of the corps" has hardly been equalled of late years. We wonder how Pink could forego the pleasure of delivering it in his stentorian (?) tones.

Truly Card's hair cut was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Rook (on Dewey Day) "How are they going to fire 17 guns? There aren't that many cannon on the hill, are there?"

Tite Clark had a team to take him down to Gouldsville, but does any one remember that he drove back?

Capt. (at inspection) "Where is your comb, Sergt. Chase?"

Chase "Since I have been married, sir, I haven't had hair enough to use one."

How about Balcom writing two letters and getting the envelopes mixed?

We understand that Hayden has an entirely original way of ending his letters: "Oceans and oceans of love and a kiss on every wave."

We know not what religion Liz possesses but her favorite invocation is --"Holy Cat."

I have six Sophomore German books for the Spanish class which they can get of Sergt. Brush.

Prof. Spear is a linguist of the highest order.

'Twas hard luck that Thomas and Stevens should miss their train at Burlington, but they had a good time and managed to fool the Summary Court Officers.

Why is it Hobie always flunks German while the baseball team is away?





Receptions and Dances

*"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."---Milton*

Friday, Nov. 15, 1907. Reception to the cadets by Pres. and Mrs. C. H. Spooner at their home No. 5 Main street. The celebration of their 25th wedding anniversary was pleasingly joined with the reception.

Friday, Nov. 22, 1907. Dance given by the Varsity Football Team in Dewey Hall.

Friday, Dec. 13, 1907. Senior Hop in Dewey Hall.

Friday, Jan. 3, 1908. House Party and Dance, Theta Chi Fraternity House, Central Street.

Friday, Jan. 10, 1908. Faculty Hop, given to cadets, Dewey Hall.

Friday Jan. 24, 1908. Leap year dance to A. S. P. Fraternity by lady friends, Dewey Hall.

Friday, Feb 28, 1908. Leap year dance given to cadets by young ladies of Northfield, Dewey Hall.

Friday, March 6, 1908. Junior Promenade, Dewey Hall.

Friday, April 24, 1908. Sophomore Assembly, Dewey Hall.

Friday, May 22, 1908. Freshman Dance, Dewey Hall.

Friday, May 29, 1908. Reception in honor of class of 1908 by President and Mrs. C. H. Spooner, at No. 5 Main street.

Monday, June 15, 1908. Reception and dance, Theta Chi Fraternity House, Central street.

Thursday, June 18, 1908. Commencement Hop, Dewey Hall.

"On with the dance."---Shakespeare

Banquets

"Here's to woman---God bless her."---An Old Toast.

Theta Chi Initiatory, Chapter House, Central Street, Jan. 31, '08.

Alpha Sigma Pi Initiatory, Northfield House, Jan. 31, '08.

Delta Kappa Psi (now Sigma Phi Epsilon) Initiatory. The Pavilion, Montpelier, Feb. 1, '08.

Commons Club Initiatory, Commons Hall, Jan. 1, '08.

Commencement Banquet, Theta Chi, Chapter House, Central street, June 17, '08.

Commencement Banquet Alpha Sigma Pi, Northfield House, June 17, '08.

Commencement Banquet Sigma Phi Epsilon, Montpelier House, June 16, '08.

Commencement Banquet Commons Club, Northfield House, June 16, '08.

"Here's to you and all your family

May you live long and prosper."---Toast of Rip Van Wrinkle.

Norwich Calendar '07---'08.

- Aug. 6. Senior and Junior summer school begun 10 a. m. Not much done.
- Aug. 7. Party No. 1 of Juniors close a polygon very accurately. Nothing like having a recorder with an eye for distances.
- Aug. 8. Seniors run aground in a oat field.
- Aug. 9. Fraser takes a bath in the spring which supplies the University.
- Aug. 10. Sat.—Half day off.
- Aug. 13. Roach tells of training Shetland ponies.
- Aug. 14. Graeser runs a level for four hours before he learns it is an inverting instrument.
- Aug. 15. Railroad work progressing—can almost hear the locomotives whistle—imagination.
- Aug. 16. Plane table used by Juniors. Most of the day spent in arranging the tent.
- Aug. 17. Sophs arrive all day long.
- Aug. 20. Soph. summer school begins at 10 a. m. under Profs. Shaw and Ball.
- Aug. 21. Quowdam rooks learn many things they had never dreamed of.
- Aug. 22-29. Nightly concerts by Sophs.
- Aug. 30. Fussers take real enjoyment.
- Aug. 31. Summer school closes at 12 m.
- Sept. 2. Rooks arrive in force, by force and with force.
- Sept. 3. First retreat of the year 7:30 p. m.
- Sept. 5. Non-Coms instruct rooks to the point of fatigue.
- Sept. 7. Hurdy-gurdy on the hill. Members of '11 do great "stunts."
- Sept. 9-13. Drill, drill, drill.
- Sept. 14. Boxing match on first at Alumni. Card does the talking.
- Sept. 21. N. U. vs. N. H. State. We win for once.
- Sept. 22. Rooks begin to use privileges.
- Sept. 24-26. Dog River Valley Fair. Rooks get court martialled.
- Oct. 1. Reveille 4 a. m. Start for White River to the State Fair.
- Oct. 2. One continual round of drill, camp duty and playing target for rubber-necks.
- Oct. 3. More drill. We do our final stunt and slip out the back way.
- Oct. 5. Norton and Dean go to 'pelier.
- Oct. 6. The aforesaid return and make Reveille.
- Oct. 12. We win from Middlebury 5-0. Great rejoicing.
- Oct. 15. Co. C. begins to make a name for itself.
- Oct. 19. Middlebury 6, N. U. 5; turn about is fair play.
- Oct. 20. Fusser's club increasing.
- Oct. 26. We play U. V. M., but unfortunately the referee doesn't use the same code of ethics that we do.

- Nov. 1. Many Hallowe'en parties about town, '11 very prominent.
- Nov. 4. "Message from Garcia," still unsprung.
- Nov. 5. Prof. Tinker attended chapel.
- Nov. 7. Most of the "rooks" have paid their term bills and a few upper class men.
- Nov. 12. Cassidy publishes his new book, "Jokes properly indorsed to be used in polite society and mess halls." Juniors and Seniors go to Roxbury on a geology tour. Freight trains are leather savers.
- Nov. 20. For the second time this term "Pinkie" arrives at guard mount within two minutes of assembly.
- Nov. 21. Jack is promoted to 1st Lieutenant. Co. D is blessed with three first lieutenants, and some minor promotions are made.
- Nov. 26. Recess began at noon.
- Dec. 10. Chinning begins. Doors locked everywhere. But one man found studying.
- Dec. 11. Even the best men joined the flunkers. More chinning.
- Dec. 12. At last, tis over and we begin work again.
- Dec. 15. Sunday, eleven-sixteenths of the corps are excused from church. General air of studiousness.
- Dec. 17. Drills cease. Exams on the way.
- Dec. 18. Flunkers uneasy.
- Dec. 19. Juniors grind till 5 45: a. m. Mechanics exam on the morrow
- Dec. 20. Mechanics wasn't so bad, as it took only four hours. We caught the train for home.
- Jan. 7. Trains into Northfield crowded. Term began at retreat.
- Jan. 8. Song of the hour, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."
- Jan. 10. Faculty Hop in Dewey hall. Fraser represents the corps.
- Jan. 20. Invitations to New York banquet received by a lucky few.
- Jan. 30 and Feb. 1. Initiations and banquets, rooks go on l. d., s. l., etc.
- Feb. 5. Officers go to Brattleboro. We missed them (?) but manage to live through it.
- Feb. 14. The start for New York is made on the 9:40.
- Feb. 15. The boys see New York. City is viewed by moonlight from 2 to 4 a. m.
- Feb. 16. Received by Gen. Grant at Governor's Isle. (Sjovall late as usual) go through Penn. tunnel. Prof. Flint and Clark, Chun and Baldwin try to miss the train. Chun and Baldwin succeed.
- Feb. 22. Washington's birthday. We celebrate by dispensing with mess formation.
- Feb. 23. A light inspection. Thanks to the powers that were. (Threesh.)
- Feb. 24. Prexie gives a speil on "small things of life." Moral: Pay your term bill.
- Feb. 28. Leap year dance in Dewey hall, given by the town's debutantes.
- Mar. 1. Still no "Message to Garcia."
- Mar. 5. Psalm reading contest in chapel. H. T. Clark bravely reads a whole verse unsupported.
- Mar. 6. The social event of the year., Junior Prom, all ladies admitting that the decorations were better than those of the Freshman class of 1905 received a box of Huyler's at the door.
- Mar. 7. Certain Juniors show their guests the beauties of Vermont scenery in winter.

- Mar. 22-26. Exams and flunks.
- Mar. 27. Home again.
- Apr. 7. Cadets arrive. Even O'Donnell shows up, but Dip is "absent without" a while.
- Apr. 8. C. C. Thomas, Stevens and Creed arrive.
- Apr. 9. Prexie speils on "taking chances." Moral: Dont' do it. Garcia's message ecsapes again.
- Apr. 13. Juniors are assigned work that can be done in six hours *by the average student*. Problem: If it takes a Junior three weeks of seven days each, seven hours per, to do a job of six hours' length, how far below the average is he?
- Apr. 20. Prexie talks in chapel again on toozing. Moral: Distribute your calls more evenly in the village.
- Apr. 24. Sophomores give a dance.
- May 1. Dewey Day. Salute of 17 guns. Bill for 13 window panes in Dodge Hall for some one. Juniors go to inspect C. V. bridge.
- May 2. N. U. second team 5—Clarkson Tec 4. We are glad the first team was away.
- May 6. Smith reduced and transferred to Co. D. Other promotions made.



Mistress Mary.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

CHAUCEER.

Syne the tyme when Mistress Marie
Became ine her temper so contrarie,
With ine her gardyne so bedight
Fair flowers hadde sprang up this night.

HERRICK.

O, Mistress Mary, I prithee,
Why wilt thou contrary be,
Cans't thou see this fair morning
Many flowers for thine adorning?
Rise up now and be my love
Ere the sun climbs high above.

POPE.

The beautiful and fair Lady Mary,
In fits of temper not all charry,
Beneath her window has this fragrant morn
Myriads of flowers so early born.

COLERIDGE.

It was the Mistress Mary
And she might angry be
By her garden path and walk
Were growing flowers three

WHITMAN.

When the flowers last in the garden bloomed
And the blossoms sent forth their sweetest odors,
In the midst of her soul's deepest yearnings Mary in her
natural obstinacy persisted for a long time.

*"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."--Pope.*



“Ye State Faire Broth.”

SCENE:—A blasted heath near White River Junction. Tents of the sons of Norwich occupy the background, sentinels walking. In front a pile of wood and a smouldering fire, upon the fire a cauldron.

Enter three witches, Prexa, Leslai and Goko, accompanied by scullions, cook's police, small boys and a brindled bull-dog.

LESLAI:— Cold the wind across the sky
Blows today, but merrily
We will use our hellish arts,
Blasting minds and breaking hearts,
Giving palsies, aches and pains,
Gaping wounds and clouded brains.
Here's a fire, let's be warm
While we weave our deadly charm.

(They form a ring about the fire.)

ALL:— Sisters three
These are we
Working mischief merrily.

PREXA:— I possess the cruel ban.

LESLAI:— I the sword that murders man.

GOKO:— I the pot and frying-pan.

PREXA:— Let us now our charms unite,

Thus to vent our deepest spite
On those trusted to our care,
That in earth or sea or air
When next Phœbus makes his round
Nothing equal shall be found
To the anguish and the woe
These poor fools must undergo.

GOKO:— Ay! and with our female arts
Through their stomachs reach their hearts.
Let us make a kind of gruel
With a charm that's fierce and cruel;
Then let every mother's son
Eat it when the day is done,
That throughout the night they lie
In most dismal agony.

LESLIAT:— That it may more potent be,
Let each one a recipe
Of the direst woe prepare.
Then we'll compound them with care,
That the consummate whole may be
The quintessence of all three.

PREXA:— 'Tis well.

GOKO:— 'Tis well.

ALL:— We'll do, we'll do,
We'll boil and brew,
And many yet this day shall rue.



PREXA:— Water from the stagnant pool
Where the cattle drink and drool
First into the cauldron pour.
Thereunto add three or four
Eggs that last spring on the thatch
Speckled dorking couldn't hatch.
Wing of crow that in the field
Served the growing corn to shield;
Stir them well and add thereto
Curds and whey all moulded blue.

- ALL:— Sing, sing, sisters, sing,
Devils dancing in a ring.
PING!
- LESLIA:— Left ear of a mule that died
In Japan at last Yule-tide.
Indian cobra's mortal hood
Makes our gruel rich and good.
Prickley cactus from the plains,
Scaffold sawdust dark with stains
From a wicked woman's veins.
Pour them in and stir them well
For a broth of dunnest Hell.
- ALL:— Sing, sing, sisters, sing,
Devils dancing in a ring.
PING!
- GOKO:— Throw in soap grease cut with lye,
And a mad dog's glaring eye;
Then to add some mystery
Drop in Cuje's history.
Flavor it with fever germs,
Rats and mice, frogs, bugs and worms.
Then put in a scorpion's sting
And the raw saltpeter bring.
Heat the whole to point of fusing
And our broth is fit for using.
- ALL:— Sing, sing, sisters, sing,
Devils dancing in a ring.
PING!
- PREXA:— Let us now invoke great Mars
Who's the ruler of our stars
By his power to make worse
Every item of our curse,
That our broth much woe may work
In the still and clammy dark.
- ALL:— O, mighty Mars, who on thy ruby throne
Dost rule all powers which make for woe or
death,
Who hast command o'er war and pestilence,
Famines and floods and deadly elements.
Infuse our broth with every baneful charm
Which cruel cunning and a lust for blood

Can wind, and loose its awful powers upon
Those helpless souls which here are in our
care.

Confound each natural power of brain or
heart

With cruel pains and howling agonies
Till they shall pray to die, but pray in vain.
Let sleep not lie with one of them this night,
Let horrid forms of ghosts and goblins rise
To sear the staring eyes and fright the heart.
Thus shall our hard labors not be lost,
And the end will far outweigh the cost.

PREXA:— Our work is done.
Ere set of sun
We'll see the mischief well begun.

LESLIAI:— 'Tis well.

GOKO:— 'Tis well.

LESLIAI:— Come away.

GOKO:— Come away.

PREXA:— Sinks the day; night holds sway,
Come away.

ALL:— With its gloom comes their doom,
Come away.

Exeunt all while in the distance an army bugle can be
heard playing mess call.

CURTAIN!





The Chant of the Black Hand.

When day has gone to rest,
When fades the crimson west,
Then 'tis the time is best
For our bold ventures.
While falls the dewy night,
While night-hawks take their flight,
Then do our fuses bright
Glow in the shadow.

Brightly they glow and gleam
While fierce the wild-cat's scream
Sounds over hill and stream,
Rending the silence.
Slowly the guard doth pace
Our darksome deeds to trace,
He'll have a merry chase
If he would catch us.

Since first the grenadiers
And royal fusileers
Fought in the bygone years
In deadly combat,
Has our bold name been known,
Spoken in trembling tone,
Gasped with the dying moan
Of our poor victims.



Throwers of bombs are we,
Breeder of anarchy,
And with a ghoulish glee
Wreak we our vengeance
On those who dare to stand
Here in our good, free land
And with an iron hand
Try to restrain us.

Fill full the flowing bowl,
And let each valiant soul,
While mighty thunders roll,
Pledge his allegiance.
Loud let our war-cry rise
Till it shall reach the skies,
"Who dares oppose us, dies,"
This be our slogan.

Fierce are the lives we lead,
Governed by law nor creed,
Nor care for hearts that bleed,
So we are victors.
If we are vanquished, then,
Far beyond mortal ken,
Spirits of valiant men
Rest in Valhalla.



Finis.

Here ends a work of some annoyance
Perhaps to you. 'Twas not for you
Alone 'twas made. So stifle arrogance
And ponder how to undeserve.

If aught has made you sore distressed,
We fain would crave your humble pardon,
But in this world we all are dressed
In clothes that ill befit us.

So if a bump you've got that floors you,
Just try to change your clothing then
And don a suit that's more to your due
And thank the book that mentioned it.

To him who gives and takes a joke, then,
In equal fun, all honor's due;
And he alone is worth the praise, when
Our dispositions are o'er scanned.

But he who gives a joke and laughs!
And then receives a like with grumbling
Is fit, as he who does by halves,
For lashing, torture and for humbling.

"A good progress and a happy termination."--Knox.



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Addenda.

A work of this scope must necessarily contain some errors and some omissions. It has not been the intention of the editors to slight any class or individual in compiling the book, but circumstances have made some mistakes inevitable. Proofs *had* to be read and forms seen at such times as were not always convenient for the editor and so he had to instruct the printer to go ahead regardless. The work has been, as is generally the case, left to a few and in this case the few has been narrowed down to one. It seemed impossible to be in two places, doing three separate things at once. To those who have dared to contribute, time has seemed limitless, hence some were left. We regret that summer school and the Sophomore class history were omitted but they were not ready at the time appointed and so the "world went on."

The officers of the class of 1910 are:

Corporal W. L. Chun, President.

Cadet C. N. Blake, Vice President.

Cadet G. W. Dillingham, Treasurer.

Cadet E. T. Giles, Seecretary.

The colors are green and white.

There are a few mistakes in spelling and some in punctuation, which are regretted, and except in one or two cases no recognition is given for articles written, for obvious reasons.

The work does not meet the ideal set by the editor and yet it is far better than was anticipated when he learned he was unable to arrange matters with the powers that be so that personal supervision might be given each form.

In retiring we wish to thank the corps and all others who have assisted.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS.

